

# The Daily Mirror

No. 377.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

## SHIVERING LONDON.



Two little errand-boys trying to keep warm in the icy wind on the Embankment yesterday. — (Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)



A poor old match-seller nipped by yesterday's bitterly cold gale. — (Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)

## THE FROZEN SEA AT SOUTHEND.



The above two photographs were taken at Southend-on-Sea yesterday, where the beach presented a brilliant spectacle, resembling a scene in the Arctic regions. The severe frost had frozen the sea-water, so that the tide left fair-sized icebergs as it receded from the frozen shore. Many of the craft lying off the front were ice-bound. — (Photograph by Ellis, Southend-on-Sea.)



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

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## Worst Weather of the Winter Grips All England.

### SEA FROZEN.

Wrecks Strew the Coast—Harbours  
Filled with Sheltering Craft.

### STREETS ICE-COATED.

Traffic Thrown Into Hopeless Con-  
fusion by a Fall of Sleet.

### DEATHS AND DISTRESS.

Yesterday England learned the full mean-  
ing of the word blizzard.

It was bitterly cold; indeed, the coldest  
day of the winter.

And the cold was accompanied by a biting  
wind that carried stinging rain and driving  
sleet with it.

The following table reduces the cold to  
degrees Fahr.:

AT HOME.	ABROAD.
London .....	Munich .....
Dover .....	Brussels .....
Nottingham .....	Berlin .....
Oxford .....	Frankfort .....
Liverpool .....	Calm .....
Edinburgh .....	Paris .....

The outlook is also a cold one. Heavy snows,  
more frost, and unsettled, windy weather are prom-  
ised for to-day.

### LONDON STREET SIGHTS.

Horses Fall in Scores on the Slippery Roads  
and Block Traffic.

London householders received early warning of  
the cold snap by finding their morning milk frozen  
in the cans to a solid block of ice.

Thirteen degrees of frost were registered in the  
suburbs, and ten degrees in the City during the  
night.

As the day wore on it seemed to get even colder,  
and the climax to the discomfort was afforded by  
a cold drizzle which fell late in the afternoon.

Having fallen, it froze, rendering the streets and  
pavements as slippery as glass. Indescribable  
scenes followed, the unfortunate horses falling down  
in scores.

Traffic was thrown into the most hopeless con-  
fusion, and in some of the principal thoroughfares  
had to be suspended.

In many cases the horses were unharnessed and  
the vehicles quickly wheeled out of the way by  
willing volunteers.

### DISTRESS IN WEST HAM.

A walk through West Ham yesterday revealed a  
most heartrending state of things.

Driven to take exercise by the deadly cold of  
the fireless house (for there is no money to buy  
fuel), a pitiful crowd of unfed, half-clothed men,  
women, and little children tramped the streets.  
To vain they drew their rags more closely round  
themselves—the searching wind would not be denied.  
Driven to desperation, many picked up derelict  
blocks of wood in the docks, and burnt them in the  
streets in tin buckets.

Wherever one of these fires showed itself a  
crowd quickly gathered.

If the frost holds the condition of these poor  
wretches will soon be beyond the power of print  
to describe.

### ARCTIC SCENES.

Foreshore at Southend White with Piled-up  
Masses of Frozen Foam.

The Thames estuary yesterday presented the  
aspect of the Arctic shores.

As the tide receded, the sea foam froze, and the  
foreshore for a distance of half a mile was covered  
with the snowy ice. In places the frozen foam was  
three feet deep. Not for ten years has the sea  
frozen to so great an extent.

The same effect was produced at Ramsgate by  
the freezing of the water along the pier.

Half way from the end of the pier to the head it

### COUNTLESS SHIPWRECKS.

Five Men Drowned in Full Sight of  
Hundreds of Helpless Spectators.

### BRAVE LIFEBOATMEN.

On our coasts the great gale has caused numerous  
shipwrecks, and there is a sad tale of loss of life to be told.

At Ventnor the French ketch *Gloire de Marie*  
was driven under the lee shore, and anchored 100  
yards off Dunnose Point, just clear of the ledge  
of rocks.

All the five men were drowned before the eyes of  
a number of spectators on the shore. A young  
man named Daniel Day made a gallant attempt to  
rescue one sailor who had reached a rock, to which  
he was clinging.

A smack, believed to be the *Ada* and *Mary*, of  
Yarmouth went ashore in Kettletoft Bay, Sanday,  
Orkney. Three men were at first observed on  
board, but all quickly disappeared.

Two men, named Stephen Bond and Ernest  
Hicks, put out to sea in a punt from Scilly on  
Saturday. Nothing has since been heard of them,  
and it is only too probable that they have been  
drowned.

The *Outend* (trawler *Gustaf*) was sunk after being in  
collision with the *Lowestoft* smack *Vandura*. The  
crew were saved.

The *Shields* trawler *Lily Dale* ran ashore at  
Berwick. A large number of colliers are detained  
in the river owing to the violence of the gale.

### LIFEBOATMEN EFFECT GALLANT RESCUES.

Some magnificent work has been done by the  
lifeboatmen, whose readiness has been rewarded by  
at least two splendid rescues.

The *Margate* boat put out in the teeth of a  
stinging southeaster, and after a smart run found  
the ketch *Malvoisin*, of London, in a very bad  
way.

The crew were so numbed by exposure as not  
to be able to help themselves, but they were saved.  
The mate was taken from the vessel in a state of  
collapse.

The *big Celerity*, with a cargo of coal for  
*Lowestoft*, dragged her anchors and threatened to  
go ashore between Yarmouth and *Lowestoft*.

The steam lifeboat, *City*, of Glasgow, from  
Gorleston, went to her assistance and rescued her  
crew of six men.

### SKATING PROSPECTS.

Sport Began in Many Places Yesterday and  
Promises To Be General.

Skaters alone are able to appreciate the turn the  
weather has taken.

Yesterday afforded them several opportunities  
for indulging in their sport, and should the present  
weather conditions be maintained skating will be  
general in the South of England by Thursday.

In the County Council parks it is necessary that  
the ice should be three inches thick before skating  
is permitted.

The following thicknesses are reported:—

Plumstead Common, 1in. to 1½in.
Battersea Park, ½in. to 1in.
Tooting Common, 1½in. to 2in.
Brockwell Park, 1in. to 1½in.
St. James's Park, 1in.
Wimbledon Park, 1½in.
Ranelagh, 1½in.

At the Welsh Harp and Queen's Club skating  
was going on merrily yesterday afternoon.

Skating was also possible at Lincoln, and it is  
expected that the sport will be general in the dis-  
trict to-day.

From Leicestershire and Cambridgeshire come  
accounts of good thick ice and excellent skating.

At Crickwood a woman was found yesterday  
morning frozen to death upon a doorstep.

A working man named Joseph Schofield, sixty-  
eight years of age, was found frozen to death in the  
mud of a shallow stream near Dudley.

At Colberidge, near Worcester, a man was found  
dead of exposure. In his possession was a pedlar's  
certificate, made out in the name of John Brown.

In its "Nature Notes" yesterday, the "Daily  
News" said: "Most people are rejoicing at the  
fine warm weather that is so unexpected at this time  
of the year."

At Holyhead the efforts of steamers and coasting  
vessels to reach the shelter of the harbour afforded  
a harrowing but fascinating spectacle for thousands.  
The difficulty was so great that one master mariner  
has become demented, and sailors were found in a  
perfect frenzy of fear when they reached shelter.

### DYNAMITED?

Tales of Battle and Explosion on  
Treasure Isle.

### COCOS HERMIT'S ROMANCE.

Geisler Determined To Allow No Rivals in  
the Treasure Hunt.

What happened at Cocos, the Treasure Island in  
the Pacific Ocean?

Earl Fitzwilliam, in an interview at Barbadoes  
on Saturday, and also by a cable to Mr. Cecil  
Cowper, his secretary, indignantly denies that he  
went to Cocos Island to look for the pirates' hidden  
treasure. The mission of the yacht *Veronique*, he  
says, was to discover new coalfields which could be  
utilised when the Panama Canal development  
opened up Central America.

Emphatic as this statement is, it does not dispose  
of the mystery.

Cables from Panama state that the rival expedi-  
tions, led respectively by Earl Fitzwilliam and Mr.  
Harold Gray, met on the island and a battle en-  
sued, in which the former party were defeated, and  
had to retreat to the *Veronique*, carrying their  
wounded with them. According to a wounded  
sailor from the yacht, who was seen in the Panama  
Hospital, the two landings were caused by dynamite  
charges cunningly placed in the ground by  
Mr. Geisler, who is known as the "Hermit of  
Cocos."

It is also stated that after the explosions he led  
the Gray party, armed with revolvers, in an attack  
upon the dazed members of the party from the  
yacht *Veronique*.

In an interview with the *Daily Mirror* yester-  
day, Captain J. B. Kennedy said: "I am the re-  
presentative in London of Mr. Harold Gray's syn-  
dicate, and have a considerable interest in the ex-  
pedition."

### NO COAL THERE.

"I have never heard of coal being found on  
Cocos Island, and I do not think there is any  
doubt but what Earl Fitzwilliam went there to  
look for treasure. Our rival, Admiral Palliser,  
accompanied him on the *Veronique*. He has  
already made two unsuccessful attempts to discover  
the buried treasure from the pirate-ship *Mary  
Dier*."

"The central figure on the island," continued the  
captain, "is Mr. Geisler, who has been there six-



Mr. Geisler.

teen years, and has seen eight expeditions come,  
and go away empty-handed.

"It is very possible that he would resent the  
coming of a rival expedition, and would do all  
he could to prevent them landing. For many  
years a bitter feud has existed between Admiral  
Palliser and Mr. Geisler, and I do not think that  
the latter would stick at trifles in order to get  
square with his enemy. He is 6ft. 4in. in height,  
wears bushy whiskers, and owns a violent temper.

### HERMIT'S ROVING LIFE.

"The history of the Cocos Hermit is quite a  
romance. He is a German, born at Aix-la-Chapelle,  
of good family, and very well educated. He  
married an American lady, and is a Yankee in his  
ideas.

"Fond of a roving life he went out to Honolulu,  
and engaged in the sugar-growing industry. During  
his stay there he met an aged sailor, who said that  
he was the only survivor of Benito, the pirate's  
crew, and he knew where the treasure was hidden  
on Cocos Island in 1817.

"Geisler was so enthusiastic over the old sailor's  
yarn that he sold up his plantation and went to  
Cocos Island sixteen years ago, and has remained  
there ever since. His one mania is to find the  
Benito treasure, and I believe he knows every tree  
and rock on the island. He has been eighteen  
months without seeing a living being.

Mr. Charles Booth has contributed £250 to the  
work of the Salvation Army for the relief of distress.

General Nogí Pays Handsome Tribute  
to General Stoessel.

### BUSY ON THE SHA-HO.

Released by the fall of Port Arthur, a number  
of General Nogí's troops have already arrived at  
Liao-yang on their way to Marshal Oyama. Fifty  
thousand troops have also left Tokio to reinforce  
the Japanese commander, and these will be fol-  
lowed within the week by another 50,000. A further  
100,000 men will shortly be sent from Japan to  
join the Manchurian army.

At St. Petersburg, it is believed that the daring  
southward Cossack raids, reported in yesterday's  
*Daily Mirror*, are the preliminaries to a Russian  
advance in force, and everything points to the  
early commencement on the Sha-ho of a new and  
decisive phase of the campaign. Already skir-  
mishes are taking place between outposts, and  
artillery firing has been heard along the entire line.

### NEITHER PRISONER NOR ENEMY.

TOKIO, Monday.—General Nogí has written the  
following letter to the Governor of Nagasaki:—  
"As to the treatment to be accorded to General  
Stoessel you will be advised by the proper authori-  
ties, but it may not be out of place to point out  
that General Stoessel is now neither a prisoner nor  
an enemy, but a foreign gentleman who meritori-  
ously served his country. Moreover, the complica-  
ted task, necessarily delayed, of transferring the  
forts and munitions of Port Arthur has been so  
honourably performed that it deserves to be placed  
to his credit and military honour. I commend him  
to your consideration."—Reuter's Special Service.

A Japanese gendarme (says Reuter's Special Ser-  
vice) discovered a woman of about twenty dressed  
as a man among the Russian prisoners brought to  
Nishina. She has now been accommodated in  
special quarters.

Mr. Pickford, K.C., Mr. Acland, K.C., and Mr.  
Howard Smith will appear as counsel for the  
British Government at the North Sea Inquiry in  
Paris.

### "A PATRIOTIC FANATIC."

Authorship of the Umbria and the Washing-  
ton Dynamite Outrages Admitted.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday.—Having been fully  
identified, Gessler Rousseau has admitted that he  
attempted to destroy with dynamite Frederick the  
Great's statue and the Umbria.

Rousseau will probably be handed over to the  
New York police, as a conviction for the Umbria  
outrage would mean imprisonment for twenty  
years. Six months is the severest punishment that  
could be inflicted for the other offence.

The general opinion is that Rousseau is a  
patriotic fanatic, opposed to the friendship of the  
United States with other countries.

The New York police do not think that he is  
connected with the sinking of the *Naronic*, but  
Pinkerton's detectives hint that he was concerned  
with the fanatics who blew up the Welland Canal  
a few years ago.—Reuter.

### THE KAISER AND THE GENERALS.

Replying in the Lower House of the Prussian  
Diet yesterday to the criticism of the bestowal of  
decorations on Generals Stoessel and Nogí, Baron  
von Hammerstein, Minister of the Interior, said  
the conferring of honours was the privilege of the  
Crown.

The Emperor, he said, could only be thanked for  
having admitted to the highest Order the two com-  
manders who would live in glory for ever in the  
history of the world.

General Stoessel has cabled to the Kaiser, thank-  
ing him for the decoration conferred upon him.

### MAYOR FIGHTS A DUEL.

MARSEILLES, Monday.—A duel between M.  
Chanot, Mayor of Marseilles, and M. Cremieux,  
councillor of the Prefecture, was fought this morn-  
ing. M. Cremieux was slightly wounded in the  
right forearm.

The duel was brought about through M. Chanot  
accusing M. Cremieux at a meeting of the municipal  
council of being under Socialist influence.—Reuter.

### FRENCH CABINET CRISIS.

PARIS, Monday.—The resignation of the Cabinet  
will not be announced until M. Loubet returns to  
Paris, after attending the funeral of his mother,  
when he will begin negotiations with a view to  
the formation of a new Ministry.—Reuter.

Twelve thousand workmen employed at Putiloff  
Mill, St. Petersburg, have gone on strike.



## DASHED DOWN TO DEATH.

Cage Full of Men and Boys Falls to  
the Depths of a Mine.

### SURVIVOR'S STORY.

But for a Piece of Scaffolding All Would  
Have Been Killed.

It was at ten-minutes to six yesterday morning, just as work was commencing, that five lives were lost and thirteen men injured in a horrible accident at the Bold Colliery, St. Helens.

"My word, we are going!"

"As this brief, last cry burst from the lips of one of them, a man and four boys dashed down 90ft. to their death—and thirteen of their mates to serious injury—imprisoned in a cage, and impotent to help themselves—down into the deepest darkness of the pit.

Eight cages with their human loads had safely gone down the shaft, but the ninth, double-decked and bearing eighteen men, failed to stop at its destination in the opening 1,650ft. below.

It crashed through the wooden bearers, and to the horror of its occupants, continued its rapid

Ninety feet lower it was stopped by some scaffolding used by the men engaged in sinking operations. Had it not been for this the cage and its living freight would have been shot into the "Dib Hole" at the bottom of the shaft, which contains 30ft. of water, and all would have died.

As it was, the terrific impact on the scaffolding dashed the miners in a heap.

The awful screams of the injured brought the men from the level to the spot, and the victims were quickly extracted.

#### Doctors Soon Arrived.

It was found that none had escaped severe injuries, and that four had been instantly killed. All were got to the surface by another shaft, and doctors summoned by telephone were soon in attendance.

The dead boys—John McHenry, fourteen, of Collin's-green; Thomas Rothwell, fourteen, Burtonwood; Evan Davies, sixteen, Sutton, and the man, John Swift, twenty-four, St. Helens, were borne to a neighbouring hotel.

Still in dreadful pain, the injured were taken a weary three miles to the St. Helens Hospital. Immediately on admission the other boy, John Caveney, of Burtonwood, died.

One body was found under the cage on the scaffolding. It is thought the man tried to jump on to the landing when the cage struck bearers.

One of the survivors, Richard Murray, interviewed for the *Daily Mirror*, described the accident with simple, dramatic directness.

"When we got near the stopping place, one of my mates cried out, 'My word, we are going.'"

"Directly afterwards the cage crashed through the bearers, and a few seconds later suddenly stopped, throwing us in a heap."

"The scene was awful, and no one knew what had happened."

The manager says he could not find anything wrong with the engine and winding appliances to account for the accident. He attributes it to the forgetfulness of the winder, James Fowler, who, it is alleged, instead of slackening the speed at the proper place, let the cage run.

The local clergyman attended the injured, and was endeavouring to allay the scenes of distress and excitement in the surrounding districts.

### BOY TRAIN-WRECKER.

Welsh Lad Endangers Many Lives "To  
Frighten His Brother."

Sensational details were disclosed at Merioneth Assizes, at Dolgelly, yesterday when John Robert Richards, aged fourteen, was charged with placing an obstruction on the railway, thus endangering the safety of passengers.

Richards was seen on Barmouth platform when he met the train in which was his brother, with whom he had quarrelled.

Later the same evening Richards crossed Barmouth Bridge just before eight, and directly afterwards a loaded train dashed across and encountered a large wooden bench which had been placed on the line.

Richards, who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the second division, pleaded guilty to placing the obstruction on the line "to frighten his brother."

As a result of the steamship rate-war settlement four Cunard and four White Star liners will charge 46 5s. to New York, and two Allan liners 48 15s. to Canada.

## OUR "SLAVE'S" TASK.

Buys the Most Happiness He Can for  
a Sovereign.

Fresh from his happy visit to his home at Liverpool, whither he was sent by the *Daily Mirror* to see his family after an eight months' absence, Frederick Lucas, our "slave," said:—

"I have been happy myself. Cannot you order me to make someone else happy—even if it's only for just a little while?"

Our "slave" looked so beseeching that he was given a sovereign and told to go out into the coldest day of the winter, and see how much happiness he could produce for that modest sum.

"I went," he afterwards said, "to a poor chap whom I had met when I was starving down in West Ham. He used to be a ship's engineer, but was disabled in a collision, and had to starve in West Ham."

"Thank you, mate, it's a God-send," was all he could say when I gave him part of my money.

"The rest I took to a clerk who lives in Seck-wick. He has been starving with his family since last October. Tears came into his eyes when I told him what I had got for him."

Our slave is thoroughly good-hearted, and well deserves a prosperous solution of the problem: "What are we to do with him?"

### EDITOR OF THE "TIMES" MARRIED.



Mr. George Earle Buckle, editor of the "Times," who was married yesterday at Clifton to his cousin, Miss Earle, daughter of the late professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford.

### THREE HOURS' LIBERTY.

Convicts Escape from Portland Prison, But  
Are Quickly Retaken.

With a coolness and courage which, however, only earned them three hours' liberty, two London convicts, named George Vincent, thirty-six, baker, and John Wilkinson, thirty-one, clerk, broke through the roof of Portland Prison early yesterday morning, and got away by means of a long rope.

There was a great hue-and-cry after them, the prison-guard, soldiers, and local police joining in the pursuit.

In effecting their escape the men had had to break several locks, but the tagging storm deadened the noise.

When recaptured by quarrymen on the highway Vincent was wearing clothes stolen from a shed, and Wilkinson, retaken in a blacksmith's shop, was suffering from a broken ankle.

Wilkinson was under a long sentence for burglary.

### VANLOADS OF SILVER.

Few people who saw four railway vans drawn up in New Broad-street yesterday morning imagined for a moment that above £100,000 worth of silver ingots were being taken from them into the banking house outside which they were.

The silver was piled up inside the vans just like blocks of tin, but a policeman stood on either side, and one inside the van to superintend its safe removal.

### DR. CLIFFORD SEEKS MARTYRDOM.

When Dr. Clifford, the well-known pastor of Westbourne Park Chapel, and passive resister, is next summoned for refusing to pay rates, he will have to go to prison.

He has already been twice distrainted upon. Now he has transferred all his property to his wife,

## LAZY CLERKS.

"Pleasure Their One Aim in Life,"  
Says an Employer.

### WHY ALIENS GET WORK.

"Laziness," emphatically declared a great manufacturer to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "is the curse of the rising commercial generation." Our informant is the employer of close upon one hundred clerks, and he was discussing the question of half-witted and ignorant clerks.

"I fully agree," he continued, "with everything the *Daily Mirror* said this morning. The present average junior clerk is fit for nothing. He is idle and will not do a minute's work more than he is obliged to. What he does is done badly, carelessly, and without thought, and his one idea is for six o'clock to come."

"My clerks affect a better style of dress than I do myself, and their one aim in life is pleasure. They are infinitely graceful in the stalls or promenade of a music-hall, upon the football field, or at a subscription dance. But put them in an office and they are indolent, conceited, and of no use whatever."

At the employment department of the Chamber of Commerce the *Daily Mirror* learnt some interesting facts upon the subject. In its employment list for January there are 422 names, and out of these 109 are foreigners. Each of these 109 advertisers corresponds in at least two languages, keeps books, and usually knows typewriting and German shorthand. The average salary asked is 41s. a week.

"It is not so much bad spelling we complain of," said an official, "but the young men of to-day are too big in their ideas to learn shorthand and typewriting. 'Shorthand!' they say contemptuously; 'I'm not going to be a shorthand clerk at 30s. a week for life.' That is the mistake."

#### Not Willing to Work.

"We consider to-day three things necessary for a young man starting at the foot of the commercial ladder—shorthand, typewriting, and bookkeeping. It is absurd, moreover, to say that the knowledge of these things is derogatory to advancement. It is not if the man is alert, industrious, and willing to work. But the majority are not willing to work. They become machines, without thought or ambition."

"Let the young Englishman do as the young German does—go abroad. Let him live on a small salary for a year or two, work hard, and he will have nothing to complain of in the future years."

At the Polytechnic Situation Bureau there is a list of some 1,000 names, of which, perhaps, 300 are girls.

"Many employers try to get men as junior clerks," said a member of this department, "but finally are obliged to take girls. They are more reliable, quicker, and more conscientious. Very few ever rise to more than £100 a year, but their employers know that they are to be depended on for certain work."

A correspondent who writes to us upon the subject adds one other to the list of offences which is rendering the junior clerk useless to-day. It is drink. If he says, foreigners do the work better they are bound to be employed. "Why should half-witted English young men be employed if a smart, alert German will do the work demanded better?"

### KILLED BY A CHURCH BELL.

Swinging, It Crushes Out the Life of the Man  
Who Took Care of It.

Singularly tragic were the circumstances by which the caretaker of the Stoke-on-Trent parish church met his death.

His name was Thomas Rose, and with his two little children he went to examine and oil the bells.

Frightened at his long absence in the belfry, the children went for assistance. The sexton came, and found Rose crushed to death between one of the bells and an iron girder.

The bell had evidently commenced to swing directly he started to oil it.

### DYNAMITE WRECKS A BAR.

Dynamite used for blasting purposes left amongst the coal obtained from a neighbouring colliery is believed to have been the cause of an explosion which wrecked the bar of the Chesterfield Arms, Gedling, near Nottingham.

This is the second occurrence of the kind that has occurred in the neighbourhood, a similar explosion having taken place at Colwick.

### RAZOR IN EACH HAND.

Lying dead, with his throat cut and an open razor grasped tightly in each hand, Edward Delves, a retired Customs officer, was yesterday discovered in his apartments at Morecambe.

## REVIVAL TABERNACLE.

Accommodation for 6,000 South Lon-  
doners at Brixton.

Every Protestant church and chapel in London has been circularised regarding the coming Torrey-Alexander mission, and ministers will make it their pastoral business to increase the membership of their congregations by enrolling the new converts who reside in their neighbourhood.

Only in some such way, it is felt, can the results of the movement be made lasting.

The architect is preparing with all speed his plans for the Brixton Tabernacle, which will be the South London headquarters of the Torrey-Alexander mission.

It is to be a temporary structure of corrugated iron, and will accommodate 6,000 people. The site is that of the projected town hall at the corner of Acre-lane and Brixton-hill.

Two meetings will be held daily for two months, and the electric tramway receipts may receive a record lift.

In the office of Mr. Putterill, general secretary, at Exeter Hall, a number of Brixton's leading citizens yesterday held their first committee meeting, and among other things arranged to call another and a larger meeting for Friday.

### CITY OPPOSES L.C.C.

Common Councillor Says New Building Laws  
Would Mean Ruin.

At every wardmote in the City the drastic proposals contained in the London Building Acts (Amendment) Bill of the L.C.C. are exciting heated discussions.

"If the Bill becomes law it will ruin half the inhabitants of the City," said Mr. Deputy Millar Wilkinson, in the Court of Common Council.

The same gentleman told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that the Bill would involve the rebuilding of half the City, and it would enormously reduce the value of the property.

"One clause," he explained, "empowers the County Council to pounce down on any owner who is rebuilding his premises, and make him increase the space between the centre of the roadway and his walk without paying any compensation."

"The Bill would give the County Council power to cut through any cul-de-sac, and there is no promise of compensation to the owner."

The Lord Mayor is to be invited to call a big protest meeting at the Guildhall.

### TARIFF REFORM ACTIVITY.

League Quite Ready with Acres of Posters  
for an Early General Election.

Should a general election be sprung upon the country in February or March the Tariff Reform League will not be caught napping.

The secretary stated to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that an enormous quantity of literature has been in preparation for months past.

"New leaflets dealing with the fiscal question from every point of view are being published as rapidly as the staff can grapple with them."

A number of new and striking posters are being printed with a view to special local use in agricultural districts, in the manufacturing Midlands, and in the cotton country.

This fact may, perhaps, be taken as an indication that there is some good basis for the rumours of an immediate dissolution.

Yesterday the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce passed unanimously a resolution proposed by Mr. Wylie, M.P., approving of the Government's proposal for a conference with the Colonies and India.

### MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S LOSS.

Death of His Youngest Daughter, Mrs.  
Richards, in Switzerland.

Mrs. Whitmore L. Richards, the youngest daughter of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, has died at Adelboden, in Switzerland, whither she had gone with her sister.

This bereavement has caused Mr. Chamberlain to cancel his engagement to speak at the Birmingham Jewellers' dinner on Saturday. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has also cancelled his engagement to speak at Derby.

Before her marriage Mrs. Richards frequently accompanied Mr. Chamberlain at political meetings, occupying a seat on the platform near her father.

The hand of death has fallen heavily on the ex-Colonial Secretary lately. It is just a year since his brother died.

### MANY FIRE SUFFERERS.

Many persons were injured by fire in London yesterday.

Maud Gates, sixty-three, was terribly burned at 16, Ruby-street, Old Kent-road; Gertrude Kirkwood, at 81, Cadogan-square; Simon Ravenstein, at 19, St. John's-street, Spitalfields; and two children at Winterloo-street, Commercial-road.



## DIARY OF A LOVER.

His Pretty Sister Discovers Some Remarkable Documents.

### "THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS."

After a Visit to the Theatre, He "Caked All the Way Home."

"Thank God I can say that I never went wrong until Bert and his lovely sister entered the house."

So Mrs. Arnold, the wife of Mr. Edward Henry Arnold, a Fulham gentleman, who obtained a divorce from her yesterday, wrote in answer to her husband's accusations.

"Bert" was a young man not twenty-one years of age, a dental surgeon's assistant, whom Mr. Arnold had always treated as a younger brother, and gave the free run of his house.

"I knew him ever since he was a little boy," he explained to the Court, "and he used to call me 'Uncle.'"

The "lovely sister" was Miss Warren, Bert Warren's sister, who played a very important part in opening Mr. Arnold's eyes to what was happening.

She found some love letters from Mrs. Arnold in her brother's bedroom, and also a diary headed:—"Thoughts and Feelings in Ethel's (Mrs. Arnold's) Company."

Not quite understanding the full meaning of these documents, but thinking Mr. Arnold "ought to know," she forwarded them to him in a package without any comment.

While "Uncle" Was Away.

One of the letters said:—

My Darling Bertie,—Come down to-morrow. I shall be lonely. "Uncle" is going away on business. We can have a few quiet hours together.—Always yours lovingly, ETHEL.

Another letter began "My darling Bertie," and informed her "darling boy" that "Uncle" was going to clean his bicycle. "I am very glad you are going to bed early," the letter went on, "and that you are reading. I fear that there would be no chance of reading if I were near you. My darling, I am looking forward, I can't say how much, to seeing you on Saturday. I shall have you a whole week.—With love to your dear little self, yours lovingly, ETHEL.

Some "Thoughts" About Ethel.

The diary of Mr. Warren's "thoughts and feelings in Ethel's company" contained the following entries:—

Dec. 25.—Went up last night to Ethel's. Went to the theatre in evening with my darling Ethel. Had a fine time. Cake-walked all the way home.

Jan. 1.—I felt a cad. She will turn from me. When we were in the arm-chair I knew that I loved her and she loved me.

Jan. 3.—She told me in the evening of her love.

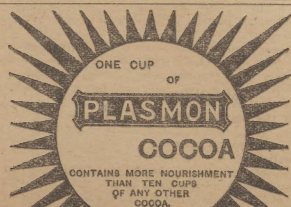
Mr. Arnold took a much more serious view of these remarkable documents than did Miss Warren, and began divorce proceedings.

After Miss Warren, the lovely sister—she was indeed a very pretty girl—had given evidence a decree nisi was granted.

### THEFT AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

While a children's party was being held on Christmas Day at the house of Mr. A. F. Compton, in Sloane-street, a valuable snuff-box which bore on its lid a representation of the battle of Waterloo, was stolen.

Suspicion fell on Alfred Wollersheim, at that time Lady Muggrove's motor-car driver, who had driven some guests to the house. He was arrested and remanded yesterday at Westminster, evidence being given that he had attempted to pawn the box.



## HEROIC GIRL'S NIGHT VIGIL.

Skipper's Daughter Tells the Story of a Terrible Night.

"I don't want to go. I want to stay with my poor mother."

With these words were her rescuers greeted by Miss Jennie Huggins, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the Cardiff captain who, with his wife and child, was marooned on the mud flats at Cardiff all Saturday night.

"We had been in the town on Saturday, and about 10 p.m. father, mother, the watchman, and myself got into the boat at Cardiff Pier to return. A policeman and another man told us not to go because it was so rough, but my father would go. And wherever father went mother would be sure to go as well.

"Father asked mother and me to stay ashore, but my mother would not think of it, and as my mother would go I went too. The wind was blowing wild and terribly cold, and the sea was awfully rough. Oh, it was tossing us about! We had gone some distance when the boat was driven on the mud.

"We shouted to passing steamers, but our feeble cries were drowned by the whistling and biting wind. We all kept awake except mother. She kept dozing off all the time. Father and me sat with our backs to the wind to keep it off mother. I wanted her to lie down but she wouldn't.

"When light came on Sunday morning mother

## MR. AND MRS. HEINEMANN.



Mr. Heinemann, the well-known publisher, obtained a decree nisi in the Divorce Court yesterday against his wife on account of her intrigues in Paris.



looked awfully cold. I went to her and shook her. I could not wake her, and I said to my father: 'Oh, father, poor mother is dead!'

"I thought I was the first to find her dead, but my father knew. He was afraid of telling me the worst. We did not see anything of anybody till Sunday morning, and then some boatmen came out to us. After a time they got me away, and I was brought here."

## CORONER AND THE PRESS.

Contemplates Summoning Editors and Their Staffs Before His Presence.

Mr. S. P. Wyatt, the Camberwell coroner, referred in severe terms yesterday to the way in which a local imaginative journalist had written up the discovery of a man's body in the canal last week.

The report stated that there was strong evidence to support the theory that the wound in the throat, which, it was said, had severed the spinal cord, could not have been self-inflicted.

As a matter-of-fact, the wound was obviously self-inflicted. It was not very deep.

"This is not the first time this has happened," said the coroner, "and I hope it will not occur again; but if it does, I shall adjourn the case and have all the staffs of the papers—editors, sub-editors, and reporters—brought before me, and try to find out where they got their information."

The result of the inquest was that an open verdict was returned.

## ARRESTED AT A FUNERAL.

Since May, 1903, James Prayell had left his wife and children chargeable to the Poplar Guardians, and was not found by the authorities until last Saturday, when he was arrested at the East London Cemetery, where he was attending his mother's funeral.

The Thames magistrate yesterday sentenced him to three months' hard labour.

## CAFE FLIRTATIONS.

Divorce Suit of Mr. W. H. Heinemann, the Publisher.

### PERSISTENT DETECTIVES.

Watchers Undeterred by Barricades and Police Interference.

The "Cabinets particuliers" of the Café de Paris in the French capital played an important part in a divorce case heard by Mr. Justice Barnes yesterday.

It was the suit of Mr. William Henry Heinemann, the well-known publisher, who was asking for a decree against his wife, Mrs. Maria Magda Stewart Heinemann. The latter is an Italian lady whom Mr. Heinemann married at Rome in 1899.

The marriage did not turn out happily, Mr. Barge Deane, K.C., counsel for Mr. Heinemann, told the Court. In 1903 there was a deed of separation after Mr. Heinemann had begun divorce proceedings, which he afterwards dropped. He had received information that his wife had compromised herself with a certain gentleman.

After the separation Mrs. Heinemann went to

live in Paris, and took up her residence at the Hotel Paris-Nice.

Once again strange tales were brought to Mr. Heinemann, with the result that he determined to have his wife watched.

Messrs. Lewis and Lewis, Mr. Heinemann's solicitors, made the necessary arrangements, and investigations were made in Paris by agents and detectives.

This is what the detectives at first reported:—Mrs. Heinemann is living with her maid at the Hotel Paris-Nice. She passes under the name of Mrs. Thompson. Every day she meets a middle-aged gentleman engaged in commerce, whose name is Mr. Dimitri Monnier.

Mr. Monnier takes her to the Café de Paris, where they spend from noon till late in the afternoon in a "cabinet particulier."

### Angry Servants.

So closely did the French detectives engaged for the task attend to their duties of shadowing Mrs. Heinemann and Mr. Monnier that when these two engaged a cabinet the detectives engaged another one as near to it as possible.

To prevent the detectives, when they looked down the corridor, from seeing who were going in and out of the interesting cabinet the servants piled up a barricade of tables and screens.

In spite of these obstacles, however, the detectives were able to make various observations. They saw Mrs. Heinemann pass along the corridor with Mr. Monnier, and they spied shadows on the blinds of the lighted cabinet from without.

They kept scouts at the private entrance, and were able to mark the comings and goings of their quarry.

After listening to the detectives' reports Mr. Justice Barnes pronounced a decree nisi.

## NEW MAGISTRATE AT WORK.

The Hon. John de Grey, the new metropolitan police magistrate, started upon his duties at the South-Western Court yesterday. The district which his jurisdiction embraces is one of the largest in London.

## CLERK'S "REVENGE."

Solicitor Accounts for His Appearance in the Old Bailey Dock.

To his former clerk Manby's desire for revenge, Mr. Henry Robert Jones, the Wandsworth solicitor, attributes his own appearance in the dock at the Old Bailey.

He went into the witness-box yesterday to answer the charge of defrauding the Wandsworth and Clapham Guardians of £967 8s. 10d. by concocting a bill of costs.

All the overcharges were, he alleged, made by Manby. "Revenge and jealousy—I can think of nothing else," he replied, when asked by Mr. Justice Darling why the clerk should do such a thing.

Manby, he said, was of drunken habits, and one Wednesday his wife came to say that her husband had been drinking since Saturday. He overlooked it, and Manby was so grateful that he went down on his knees and tried to kiss his hand.

Next morning Manby came to the office as drunk as could be. He was then discharged, and this, according to Mr. Jones, had rankled in Manby's mind.

### Handwriting Expert.

One alteration made in red ink in the bill of costs was, according to the witness, in Manby's handwriting.

The Judge: Do you mean to say that you can say that that (pointing to the alteration) is in any particular person's handwriting?—Yes.

The Judge: Talk about handwriting experts! In the opinion of the witness the inquiry into the accuracy of his accounts was a political matter. "The Battersea Radicals," he said, "had got a majority of one, and then my prosecution began."

He admitted that the bills of costs were excessive by the amount of £100. The "padding" of the briefs might have been done by a clerk to increase his money for copying.

Mr. Justice Darling: When I was at the Bar I had to complain that the briefs from one of my clients contained long quotations from Lord Byron and other poets. (Laughter.) I protested to my client against being compelled to read this, and he said he was very sorry, and that it all arose through the clerk who drew the brief being a poet. (Loud laughter.)

The trial was again adjourned.

## PRISON INDIGNITIES.

Innocent Man Treated Like a Criminal While on Remand at Brixton.

Mr. Frederick Rogers, a dealer in motor-cars, who recovered damages yesterday in the High Courts in an action against a late partner for malicious prosecution, told an extraordinary story of the indignities which he suffered in Brixton Prison while on remand.

The Judge, Mr. Justice Jelf, expressed his amazement, and announced that he would inquire into the matter and communicate with Mr. Justice Grantham, before whom similar statements were made in the course of an action.

Mr. Rogers said he was stripped and everything taken from him. He was then examined and compelled to get into a dirty bath, through which twenty or thirty others had already gone. He was attended by an ex-convict.

He asked if he could have a separate room, but was told he could if he paid for it. He was put into a very small cell and given some black bread and very weak cocoa.

The jury awarded Mr. Rogers £500 damages, against the former partner, Mr. Leon Lee.

## KINC'S PROCTOR INTERVENES.

The King's Proctor applied before Mr. Justice Barnes, in the Divorce Court yesterday, that the decree nisi granted in April last to Mrs. Isabella Hunter, for the desertion and misconduct of her husband, should be rescinded.

Thinking her husband dead, Mrs. Hunter had twice remarried. She admitted misconduct with the captain of a ship on which she was stewardess, but thought she was a widow at the time.

The case was put down for hearing, the Judge thinking that evidence should be given on Mrs. Hunter's behalf.

**CLARK'S BLOOD MIXTURE**

**THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER**

is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. In case of Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Blood Poison, Boils, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout, and all Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures from all parts of the world.

Sold by Chemists everywhere, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

Beware of Imitations.



IS IT A SEA-SERPENT?

Castle Liner Collides with a Strange Ocean Monster.

MR. KIPLING ON BOARD.

Can Any Reader Identify This Mysterious Sleeper on the Sea?

An exciting collision between a mysterious monster of the sea and a Castle liner is related in the following letter, which was written to the *Daily Mirror* by an eye-witness.

What was the nature of the singular Leviathan? Mr. Rudyard Kipling was on board the vessel. Will the famous romancer be the first author to write of the sea-serpent from actual experience? Our correspondent's sketch of the creature (mammal or fish, who shall say?) appears on this page.

To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.

On our voyage outward to South Africa, the Armadale Castle met with an interesting experience at 3 p.m. on the 20th inst. in latitude 3 degrees south of the Equator.

The ship's perpendicular stem struck a large fish, which was very likely asleep, behind the pectoral fin—doubling the head across the port side and the body and tail along the starboard side of the bow.

It was first observed by one of the seamen at work forward, who, hearing a sudden knocking against the ship's side, looked over to ascertain the cause. As soon as the water was passed along the decks, all the world, of course, old and young, looked forward onto the forecastle to look at the unhappy prisoner in the dock.

The violent struggles of the poor creature to free itself led to its striking the soft-brown "hooptopping" upwards into the grey side colour of the steamer with the powerful flukes of its mighty tail.

These marks enabled us afterwards to make fairly accurate measurements. From mark to stem was 47ft. by tape line; and about 8ft. of head across the port side brought the whole fish up to at least 57ft. in length, allowing for the bend.

In girth it was apparently about the volume of one of our lifeboats at the broadest part; say, 8ft. in diameter—so that it was distinctly slender in its proportions, and tapered away very gracefully towards the tail.

Mammal, Fish, or What?

Owing to the contortions of the body and the rush of the water, no one could be sure whether the tail was "across" or "perpendicular"—mammal or fish even—or shark-like; but the balance of opinion was in favour of the former.

The head was blunt and barrel-shaped, and the right eye, which was visible as the ship rose, was fairly large and protruding, but this may well have been brought about by the dreadfully strained position of the poor, suffering brute.

The engines were stopped as soon as possible, and reversed, but it must have been fully a quarter of an hour from the first discovery (which was, probably, the moment of impact) before it fell clear of us, by which time it was either dead or completely exhausted, and it sank, slowly, tail first.

Fish stories are proverbially tough reading; and, unfortunately, we had Mr. Rudyard Kipling amongst our passengers. I expect nothing less than that our poor specimen will be handed down to posterity as the Armadale's Pisces Rudyardiensis—very like a whale; but I cannot help it, facts are facts.

I should be really glad to receive, on our return home, any light your readers could throw upon the nature of the stranger we treated so inhospitably.

Everyone on board grieves, as I do, that such a magnificent specimen of God's beautiful creation should have been done to death in so ignoble a manner.

Note.—No one seems to have noticed whether it had a dorsal fin or not. I should almost think this omission to be an argument against it having one.

R.M.S. Armadale Castle, Cape Town,  
Dec. 23, 1904.

Perhaps our readers will be able to throw some light on the mystery of this great fish.

£680,000 IN CHARITY.

Lord Strathcona has cabled the Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal offering to restore the building, just destroyed by fire. This will cost him £500,000.

The hospital was given to Montreal in 1887 by him and by Lord Mount Stephen, at a total cost of about £360,000.

The following are among Lord Strathcona's chief public benefactions:—

Endowment of Montreal Hospital (with Lord Mount Stephen) .....	£200,000
Its perpetual endowment .....	200,000
To Marischal College, Aberdeen .....	25,000
To McGill University, Montreal .....	30,000

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A prize of £50 is offered for the best anti-vivisection novel.

It was announced yesterday that the electrification of the District Railway cannot possibly be completed till Easter.

That unusual spectacle, a cab in flames, was witnessed in the Strand on Sunday evening. The vehicle was practically destroyed where it stood.

The death has occurred at Wiston Park, Steyning, Sussex, of the Rev. John Goring, a large landowner, and one of the oldest magistrates in West Sussex.

TO PREVENT CLIFF-FALLS.

To remedy the danger to the public of their present condition, it is proposed to blast away the overhanging masses of cliff which have been left by the landslide at St. Margaret's, near Dover.

Reports from Calais state that the recent abnormal tides have also caused heavy falls of cliff on the French coast.

LYCEUM "KITES" BREAK AWAY.

The Lyceum "Kites," which are flown with advertising banners attached nearly two miles high, broke loose about midday yesterday, in the strong gale.

They soared away over the tops of the houses, but were eventually caught in the telegraph wires over Long Acre. They were recovered with the banners uninjured.

MR. EDGE AND GLADIATOR CARS.

Owing to the great increase in the Napier motor-car business, Mr. S. F. Edge announces that he finds it impossible to conduct the whole of the Gladiator business at his head depot.

Henceforward, the only Gladiator cars that will be sold from 14, New Burlington-street, are up to 14-h.p., the other models being sold by the Gladiator Company, 8 and 9, Long-acre, W.

POLICEMAN'S BRAVE RESCUE.

Flames were coming out of the window of a house in Bradford when its two adult occupants rushed up to Sergeant Halliwell, and informed him there were two children in the upper rooms.

Without waiting to give the fire-alarm the ser-

In Manchester there has been formed a guild for the furtherance of a new cult, called "The Religion of the Spirit."

Knocked down by a big retriever in Salisbury-street, Birkenhead, James Ashley is now lying at the Borough Hospital, suffering from concussion of the brain.

During the last year 244 homeless boys and 216 girls were found wandering in the streets of Cardiff by the police.

CRANE FALLS ON A STEAMER.

Standing on the wharf of the new dock at Leven, Fife, a fifteen-ton derrick crane, worked by hydraulic power, was being slewed round yesterday when it fell over on to the turbine steamer *Lumka*.

Two men were injured, one receiving a broken leg, and serious damage was done to the steamer.

AN AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

Mr. J. C. Snaith, the author of a novel, entitled, "Broke of Covenden," apologised in yesterday's "Pall Mall Gazette" to Messrs. Bovril, Ltd., for a statement made by one of the characters in the novel in reference to "Bovril." Mr. Snaith adds that he "has a very high opinion of Bovril," and that the statement was not intended to be taken seriously.

ARTIST IN A WORKHOUSE.

Without sufficient means to purchase materials for the art he loves, Claude Cooper entered Uckfield Workhouse, whose walls he has adorned with a series of charming landscapes in exchange for food and shelter.

Son of a master at Cheltenham College, Cooper passed his boyhood in comfortable circumstances, but, after serving fourteen years in the Army, took up art for a livelihood, with the result already stated.

CHANCE FOR AN ALIEN.

At Corsine, Co. Clare, there have recently been no less than six unsuccessful attempts to elect a petty sessions clerk.

The Bench is composed of three Protestant and three Catholic magistrates, who, voting solidly for their respective coreligionist candidate, have produced a "tie" six times in succession.

At the time of one of the elections a Catholic

LATEST SEA MONSTER.



Sketch of the sea monster run down by the Armadale Castle, on board which Mr. Kipling was a passenger.

geant plunged into the house, which by this time was full of smoke, and shortly returned with a ten-year-old boy in his arms.

Again the gallant sergeant entered the burning house, and, bringing safely out another little boy, fell unconscious in the street, exhausted by his heroic efforts.

SNOWDON'S ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

Before the summer season is in full swing there will be a network of electric railways in working order through some of the prettiest of the Snowdon valleys in North Wales.

The power station at Llyn Llydaw has been nearly completed, and the railway to Portmadoc is almost laid, and when the tunnels through the Pass of Aberglaslyn have been finished there will be a direct communication from Camarvon to Portmadoc.

GHOST THAT VANISHED.

Not content with frightening ladies as they passed churchyards, an "apparition" at Bliton, Lancashire, recently relieved an old gentleman of his watch and chain.

Suspensions were thus aroused as to the origin of the visitant, and a band of watchers was organised, who gave chase to the "spirit," but were checked by a gun shot.

Since then a notorious poacher has been missing from the neighbourhood—and the "ghost" walks no more.

LLANGOLLEN'S PEDIGREE.

There has been safely delivered at Llangollen a letter bearing the following address:—

Mr. —,

Care of Wynnstay Hotel,

Saint Collen-ap Gwynnawp-ap Glyn-dawg-ap Cowdra-ap Caradog Freichfras-ap Meirion-ap Emriion-ap Cyneddfa Wledig, Denbighshire.

It should be added that this catalogue of names is the pedigree of Saint Collen, after whom Llangollen is named.

PRETTIEST BABIES.

Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Ellaline Terriss Award the "Daily Mirror" Prizes.

AVALANCHE OF BEAUTIES.

How the Work of the Judges was Delayed by the Hugeness of the Task.

Miss Joyce Mary Roberts, 73, Grand-parade, Harringay, N., and Master F. Edwards, 18, St. Peter's-road, St. Leonards, Hastings, have been adjudged by Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Ellaline Terriss, with the committee assisting them to come to a decision in the great *Daily Mirror* Baby Beauty Competition, to be the most beautiful of the countless beautiful babies whose pictures have been sent in.

The portraits of the two first prize-winners will be found on pages 8 and 9, where they are surrounded by a constellation of other lovely children who were all keen competitors for premier place.

When we first proposed the competition in the middle of September last year we did not in the least degree anticipate that it would grow to the enormous dimensions it has since attained, or we might not have entered upon it so lightly. In response to our question—"Who is the most beautiful baby in England?"—photographs poured into the *Daily Mirror* office by the thousand. At the close of the competition two months ago we were faced by a compact stack of photographs some six feet long and three feet wide, which had attained a height of rather more than five feet.

And each separate portrait had first of all to be carefully considered on its own merits, and then compared with numberless others. In order that no question of individual taste might be allowed to have undue weight, each picture was scrutinised by at least four pairs of eyes.

Ever since the close of the competition a preliminary committee has been at work separating from the bulk of photographs a selection for the final award of our supreme judges, Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Ellaline Terriss. Working with all possible speed it was not until seven weeks had passed that their labours were completed.

The task which faced Miss Terry and Miss Terriss was an even more difficult one than that of the preliminary committee. The babies whose charms they were appraising were the pick of all England, and as one of the ladies playfully remarked: "Each seemed more pretty than the last." But, bending their whole mental powers to the task, the two ladies found cause to gradually eliminate one after another of the competitors until they arrived at the decision announced above.

So that the two small prize-winners have some right to be considered the most beautiful babies in England, though individual taste is never so curiously varying as in its definition of good looks, may in the case of many of our readers seem to point to some others of the lovely children whose portraits we reproduce as more worthy of the palm.

The most remarkable feature of the competition has been the wonderfully high average of physical beauty among the children whose portraits came to hand. Perhaps it is that children are in general brought up to-day with more understanding than used to be the case; but whether it is so or not, certain it is that the younger generation of Englishmen and women bid fair to eclipse their parents in point of beauty in face and form.

Photographs of competitors will be returned with all possible speed.

RAILWAY MEN MIGRATE.

High Rates at York Drive 3,000 Workmen and Their Families to Darlington.

The enormous increase in the rates throughout the country has made a great difference in the working expenses of the large manufacturing and railway companies in the north. The great difference in their new assessment at York has caused the North Eastern Railway Company to move a considerable portion of their works from York to Darlington.

This will mean an addition of 3,000 workmen and their families to Darlington, and an increase in the business of the town. Over 1,000 have already arrived, and the remainder will move over before the end of this month.

All the empty houses in Darlington have been taken, and builders are getting ready to run up some cottages to meet the demand.

Darlington has an excellent service of electric trams, and is one of the cleanest and most picturesque towns in the north of England. Its steady prosperity is principally due to the famous Quaker firms, who exercise great influence over their old town.

The migration of these workmen will mean a considerable loss of trade to the city of York.

GREAT WHISTLER PICTURES.

For the Whistler Memorial Exhibition at the New Gallery next month the King is lending his fine collection of Whistler etchings, and the French Government the portrait of the painter's mother.

Glasgow has consented to lend the Carlyle portrait, while from America will be sent, among other works, the portrait of Sarasate and the great nocturne, which, being adversely criticised by Ruskin, led to the famous libel suit.



# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1905.

## HOW COLD IT HAS BEEN!

LONDON yesterday was the coldest place in the world. The thermometer, it is true, stood very much lower in many other places. But these were not swept by a searching gale, neither had they to complain of an atmosphere laden with damp presage of a coming snowfall.

Whether one feels very cold or not does not depend upon the thermometer. The people who have been spending the Christmas holidays in the high mountain winter resorts of Switzerland are saying that they have never felt the cold there as they feel it now at home. The air is dry and still. There is not a breath of wind. The sun shines the greater part of the day.

There are advantages about living on an island, but a genial, equable climate is not one of them. Here in Britain we are scarcely ever free from wind, and we can only imagine what a "cloudless sky" means. On a huge continent weather comes in larger slices and with some regularity. You know that it will be cold at certain seasons, and prepare accordingly. When the cold comes you are ready for it.

Here we get so little decided weather of any kind that any extreme takes us by surprise. If it is really hot in summer we gasp miserably. If it turns really cold in winter we shiver miserably. "Betwixt and between" is the only kind of weather we can bear without a grumble. Even in that kind we ask grumpily how it is we never get "good, old-fashioned" winters and summers, though we know well the first taste of them will cause us the extreme of discomfort.

So far as the effect of a day like yesterday upon health is concerned, those who are hale and hearty have no reason to complain. But a wind which cuts and a damp cold that refuses to be kept out soon discovers weak spots in the delicate and old. As for the really poor, who have neither food enough nor fire enough nor clothes enough to keep them warm, they look upon such weather as the cruellest of disasters.

## A GRAVE NATIONAL QUESTION

There have been some misgivings about the apathy of the War Office. Some of us have been wondering whether Mr. Arnold-Forster and the Army Council—that wonderful Army Council of which so much was expected!—had given their desperate task.

But we misjudged the War Office. We did not know what a weighty matter was occupying its valuable time—valuable in the sense that it costs the nation between five and six thousand pounds a day. Yesterday appeared a momentous announcement which explained all. "A new cap," it appears, "is being issued to the troops for 'walking-out' purposes." So this is the secret of what we supposed to be apathy and laziness. Here is the key to the apparent adoption of a do-nothing policy in Parliament.

What can be more important than this vexed question of caps? Guns are useful in war-time only. Caps have to be worn always. Sound training may give us good soldiers, but with unsuitable caps they might catch cold. It is desirable that we should settle what our Army is likely to be called upon to do, but how much more desirable that our gallant defenders should not "walk out" in unbecoming headgear!

Caps! What an inspiring theme! What a subject for the Poet Laureate! What a historical picture might be painted of the great men at the War Office earning the thousands which the generous taxpayer allows them by trying on various shapes of Cap, and gravely discussing their advantages and defects. So long as we have military administrators who look after really urgent matters such as caps we can sleep sound o' nights.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The first character of a good and wise man at his work is to know that he knows; little—*Rushin*.

SIR ALEXANDER ACLAND-HOOD, who is kept very busy "officially denying" that the Government intends to dissolve, has occupied for some time past the not altogether enviable position of Chief Government Whip. He was once an active Guardsman, the perfect type of the Guardsman, tall, with rather stern features, a ruddy complexion, and an ineffably drawing intonation in his voice. When he addresses the House of Commons, however, the drawl is abandoned, and he becomes an admirably direct and business-like speaker. His sporting appearance has given him the name of "The Pink 'Un" in the House. By

his friends at Oxford he was called, in anticipation, the "Guardsman."

He is a nephew of the late Lord Hood of Avalon, and Lord Bridport is a connection of his. A curious ghost story is told in connection with the Bridport family. The present peer's father possessed an old, worm-eaten box, which his executors found unopened after his death. No one had ever been allowed to touch it. But as soon as the old peer was gone a relative determined to see what it contained. He had it placed in the library and set to work. He struggled hard with locks and clamps and steel binding. But, looking up suddenly

## "KUROPATKIN IS ABOUT TO MOVE."



For the hundredth time it is announced that "General Kuropatkin is now about to move."

## THE PLUMBER'S HARVEST.

Burst Water-pipes Now In Season.

HE is walking about his shop rubbing his hands and chuckling to himself, with one eye on the thermometer and the other on the door, for as the mercury slowly sinks towards the bulb he knows there will be soon a possession of distraught householders whose water-pipes have burst, and who will anxiously implore him to save the drawing-room ceiling from destruction.

Not that he intends to hurry himself. He is a plumber, and a plumber is a leisurely person, even when he is gaining his yearly harvest. Besides, if he saved the drawing-room ceiling he would be spoiling the plumber's little joke.

He peers out of his dirty window between the wonderful selection of twisted lead-pipes, which look as though they were suffering from dread diseases, with their large, bulbous joints and conventional broad black bands.

Round the corner—his shop is always just round the corner—comes the first of the procession, a worried little man who has got his overcoat in spite of the frost, and snatched up the first hat—his son's—from the hat-stand.

"Come to No. 3 at once. The pipe in the bathroom has burst and—"

"Just off to No. 10, sir."

"You must come to us first, the drawing-room ceiling—"

"Fraid I've promised, sir. So's theirs."

"Come at once. I'll make it worth your while."

"Well, in that case, I'll be with you in ten minutes."

The little man goes puffing back again, and the some dialogue is repeated a dozen times with a dozen other distraught householders.

Only then does the plumber leave his lair to reap his harvest. He is a leisurely man, and it will last him weeks.

"If people will pour boilin' water down the pipes, 'stead of wrappin' 'em up in straw or felt, I ain't goin' to grumble," he says. Why should he?

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

M. Emile Combes, the French Prime Minister.

HIS political position has been a precarious one for some time. Now things have come to a head, and the Government only just escaped defeat the other day. His resignation cannot be long delayed now.

The Roman Catholic Church is the foe against which he has tilted persistently for years, and he will not be content till he has divorced Church and State.

Perhaps the reason he hates it so much is that he was first intended for the priesthood. It was only at the last moment that he changed his plans. Then he took up medicine, but changed again in favour of politics.

This relentless foe of the Church does not look as though he ought to have an enemy on earth. He looks like a good-natured little French shopkeeper from a provincial town. His blue eyes, under their dark grey eyebrows, are kindly and gentle. His moustache and "imperial" are snowy white, so is his hair—what there is of it. His short, portly figure is by no means a dignified one, but his manner is always quiet and controlled.

It is when he speaks that he is at his best, though he is not eloquent. He never gets excited. He just talks on and on till he impresses his hearers by his own sincerity.

Only a short time ago, when there was a wildly hostile demonstration against him in the Chamber, he was as quiet as ever. He just waited till it wore itself out, quietly sipping at his tumbler of sugared water, and then got up and spoke without taking notice of the scene. It seems almost impossible that such a quiet little man should carry such a deadly hatred, and have made so many enemies.

"Have you ever been baptised, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, three times; but it did not take."

in the midst of his work, he saw the dead man standing opposite him, furiously motioning him to stop. After that the box was destroyed unopened.

Mr. Pett Ridge has proved himself more than ever a lover of poor creatures this year by the trouble he has taken in helping to provide them with amusements. He is a most kind-hearted man, who knows that almost "forgotten land," the East End of London, very closely indeed. He has visited East Enders in their sordid homes, always with the purpose of making their lives a little more cheerful. Sometimes he finds the purpose difficult of achievement. On one occasion he remembers implying an East End mother not to give her baby pork and butter beer. The only reply was: "bless you, sir, she always takes the same as ourselves, the little dear!"

The practical genius, strong in those who work hard to live, is well illustrated by two more of Mr. Pett Ridge's stories. He once heard of a railway porter who was seen in conversation with Mr. Balfour at Waterloo Station. Later on a passenger told him that he had been talking to the Prime Minister and Leader of the Conservative Party. "Oh," said the man, "that's him, is it—he never gave me nothing." The second story is about a girl member of one of Mr. Ridge's East End clubs. She was seen to strike a young man of her acquaintance hard on the back in the street, and then to run away. It was mimed to her that the club expected more refined behaviour of its members. "Right you are," she answered cheerfully, "I won't do it again. Only, perhaps you'll kindly tell me how I am to get engaged!"

One is not surprised to hear that Lady de Grey has had a large share in organising the new Sunday Concert Club, which is to give its opening concert at the Bechstein Hall next Sunday. Her name has been connected with almost all important musical ventures in London for years past. Her is always the most familiar figure at Covent Garden in the opera season. Her husband, Earl de Grey, is a director of the opera, and Lady de Grey has one of the largest boxes on the first tier—very near the stage.

Lady de Grey is a sister of the fourteenth Earl of Pembroke, and has been twice a countess. Her first husband was an Earl of Londesborough, who died about twenty years ago. Besides being the most enthusiastic amateur musician in London, she is a confirmed motorist—convinced, but is to say, that no one is allowed to see her in a motor, and no one is allowed to ride the world of vehicles. From the very first moment of war, one may call the motor movement Lady de Grey has had two or three charming electric carriages.

Another member of the New Concert Club Committee is Lady Maud Warrender. Less of an organiser than Lady de Grey, Lady Maud is even more of an expert as a musician. She is, indeed, one of the finest amateur singers in England. The late Lord Shaftesbury's daughter is rather foreign-looking, but many people think her as beautiful as her sister, Lady Mar and Kellie. Her marriage with Sir George Warrender was one of society's few love matches. Sir George was a second son, badly off, with little money, but his pay as a naval officer. Lady Maud married him for no worldly advantage. His brother died, however, and three years ago he became a rich man, and the holder of a title two centuries old.

In connection with the miraculous pear, which we wrongly described as a family heirloom of the present Lord Dalhousie, we have received an interesting letter from Mr. J. B. Brown-Morison, of Harrow-on-the-Hill, who explains that he is a descendant of the very wizard who gave the pear to Lord Dalhousie's ancestor. This wizard's younger daughter married Sir David Brown, of Colston. As she went to church the wizard handed her the strange fruit, and made the prophecy that, so long as it were whole, good fortune would stay with her and her family.

An extraordinary confirmation of the wizard's power occurred two centuries ago. "A maiden lady," says Mr. Brown-Morison, "of the Colston family chose to try her teeth upon the pear, and very soon after two of the best farms of the estate were lost in some litigation. This is the only misfortune that has befallen the inheritance of the Browns in nearly seven centuries." The pear, by the way, is now in the possession of Mrs. Baid, a niece of the late Lady Susan Brown, and wife of one of the members for Glasgow.

## IN MY GARDEN 'TIS MORN'NG.

JANUARY 17.—A week ago the temperature was fifty in my garden, yesterday morning the thermometer stood at twenty!

A foot-bound garden has a desolate appearance almost impossible to describe. The snowdrops (I have a great many out) are lying on the ground, shivering in the cold wind. Pim oes and pansies look as though they had been struck down by an iron hand. The tulip-trees on each side of the garden—a rare sign of severe weather. No occupants of the garden look more depressed than the wallflowers. Yet the yellow jasmine says "Cheer up!" The you green of the blue-bells seems to whisper "Spring is coming, but it will not be to-morrow."



## MISS ELLALINE TERRISS,



Who was one of the judges of the *Daily Mirror* Baby Beauty Competition. Miss Terriss, the wife of Mr. Seymour Hicks, is seen in this photograph with her adopted daughter.—(Lafayette.)



L. MILLER,  
of 20, Buckingham Palace-road, Brighton.



WILLIAM ALBERT STRUTT,  
of 12, Colne Bank-road, Colchester.



WALTER AUSTEN,  
of 43, Anerley Park, S.E.

## Prize - Winners in the "Daily

JUDGED BY MISS ELLEN TERRISS

Consolation Prizes Have Been Awarded to All the Competitors



MISS NANCY CLISBY,  
of Hawthorn Lodge, Vicarage-road,  
Sunbury Common.



KATHLEEN PHYLIS MACKLEY,  
of 17, Terrace-street, Gravesend.



Miss JOYCE MARY ROBERTS,  
Of 73C, Grand-parade, Harringay, N., who has been awarded the  
first prize of £5 5s. for girls by Miss Ellaline Terriss.



EDNA VIOLET SAMUEL,  
of 70, Fellows-road, South Hampstead.



MARJORIE GODWIN,  
of "Dhoon Glen," Bushey, Herts.



NELLIE MAY WICKS,  
of 4, Springfield-road, Brighton.



of 51, Macnaghten



# "Mirror" Baby Beauty Competition.

RY AND MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

Children on These Pages Other Than the First Prize-Winners.



Master F. EDWARDS,  
Of 18, St. Peter's-road, St. Leonards, who has been chosen as the  
handsomest boy by Miss Ellen Terry and has been awarded the  
first prize of £5 5s.



MARY ROSALIND MARLEY,  
of 8, Victoria-road, Penarth.



ETHEL TAYLOR,  
of 1B, Hyde Park-mansions, W.



Who was associated with Miss Ellaline Terriss in the selection of  
the two first prize-winners and consolation prize-winners of the  
*Daily Mirror* Baby Beauty Competition.—(Lafayette.)



RENE CECIL FOSS,  
of 53, Western-road, Hove, Sussex.



JACKIE BROWN,  
of "Londonderry," Tamworth-road,  
Hove, Sussex.



BEVERLEY MARSH,  
of "Hazlemere," 7, Archfield-road,  
Cotham, Bristol.



IRIS MADGE RITA KNIGHT.



LESLIE HYDE,  
of 22, Turton-road, Wembley.



MASTER NORMAN MAY,  
"Overdale," Russell-road,  
Moseley, near Birmingham.



HARVEY,  
of Bitterne Park, South-  
ampton.



# RUSHING INTO MATRIMONY.

Views of a Well-known Woman  
Writer on the Single Life.

## MAN MEANT TO WED.

Better Fail in Marriage Than Succeed in Single Life.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

"Is the single life the happiest?" Well, in the first place, the single life is the unnatural life. There is no doubt that we were intended to marry, and that we ought to do it, but we ought to be very particular in finding the right man or woman to marry.

No chain can be more galling than that which binds together those who find their temper, tastes, and disposition incompatible. Marriage, to quote the Marriage Service, is a compact "not to be taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God."

I think if men and women would, on becoming engaged to each other, take, say, a week of neutral ground to carefully review and consider the situation, and at the end of it either continue the engagement or, so to speak, leave the court without a stain on their character, we should have fewer unhappy marriages, and more happy ones.

The state of becoming engaged often springs from very small and trifling causes—a trick of the eyelids, a tone of the voice, that sensation which we describe as "being carried away," a feeling of pity, or a consciousness of ability to protect the weak, a desire for a home, or a wish for a strong arm to be between a frail nature and the world.

### REASONS FOR BECOMING ENGAGED.

Sometimes it is even from a feeling of black despair that men and women marry, from a flattered kind of sensation that, if they cannot have the man or woman they want, they will take the man or woman who wants them.

Sometimes a man marries to better his family position, sometimes a woman marries purely from motives of prudence; but none of these are the right causes of marriage, which should only take place where both feel that they positively cannot exist without the presence and company of the other.

Taking into consideration the motives for marriage, it is wonderful that so many turn out as well as they do, but I honestly believe that one had better entirely fail in marriage than succeed in a single life, because, at best, it is only a half life. The incomplete can never be perfect. There may be bachelors and spinsters who, being wholly selfish, prefer to live so that every minute of their time is devoted to their own pleasure, and comfort. There are unmarried men whose proud privilege it is to do the most important work of their brothers and sisters, and to educate and bring up their children, but who are unmarried women who spend useful and wholly unselfish lives in bearing the burden of others. But you cannot call these successes, they do not count in the world.

The dearest nephew and niece can never be the same as the child. The gay bachelor, without a care in the world, must develop into a lonely and neglected old man; the bachelor woman, even in her most advanced and independent state, can never, in any community, be the equal of possibly her vastly inferior sister who has helped to continue the race.

Doubtless we shall be happy in that future to which we are all pressing; possibly we may be happier when there are no men and women; when the two are one, but while we are in the world and of the world, the single life must be in every way inferior to the married state.

## EVEN A CLERGYMAN SEEKS AN INTRODUCTION.

The measure of hopelessness with which so many young men and women look upon their chance of finding partners for married life can be judged by the persistence with which they continue to implore that they may be put in communication with some one or other of those whose letters have appeared in this column, and the emphasis with which they adhere to the statement that their only possibility of marriage is in outside assistance.

It seems strange that they should fail to remember that the *Daily Mirror* has expressly stated that it is quite impossible to effect these introductions. To do so without personal knowledge of both parties would be to invite calamity.

The following letter from a London clergyman shows that the difficulty of finding a suitable part-

ner is not confined to those whose opportunities of introduction are few. It is addressed to "Lonely."

I am a bachelor, aged forty, pastor of a London Methodist Church. Owing to the death of my beloved mother, I have this last few years been obliged to reside with friends, and despite the interest I take in my work feel at times very lonely and uncomfortable.

You will be best able to judge from your own disposition and pursuits as to whether the position you would occupy would be suitable and agreeable to you.

I am 5ft. 8in. in height; usually pass for about thirty-four years of age. Hair and complexion very dark. Cheerful, active disposition. I could give references from gentlemen of good social standing, provided the object for which they were obtained were not disclosed.

The address and signature, needless to say, we withhold in this case, as in the others.

Some of the letters are unkind enough to say that the personal appearance of these would-be brides and bridegrooms is almost always the reason why they are unable to secure partners.

It is in the hands of our correspondents themselves to disprove the accusation. If they should send us photographs we will reproduce them in the *Daily Mirror*, without names and addresses, and so show who are the persons who, owing to the restrictions and hardships which govern the mode of order of social intercourse, are unable to enter the ranks of married life.



John Strange Winter (Mrs. Stannard), the well-known writer, who gives her views on the "Single Life" to-day. (Johnston and Hoffman.)

## ALL SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

### TWICE IS ENOUGH.

I have been married twice. My first wife died after a short married life, so did my second wife, but after my double experience I feel that it would take a lot of pluck to make a third life contract.

SATISFIED AT PRESENT.

### SWEETHEARTS' ALWAYS.

I quite endorse the opinion of "A Silly Old Man." Be sweethearts always. There is no happiness like married happiness.

If it were possible, and anyone offered me an alibi to be single again, I would decline it.

Dorset. PINKY.

### DON'T WORRY TO WED.

I am single but not lonely because I can find so much to do and so little time to do it in.

I have my daily business to attend to, and there are so many things one can do for others if one only looks for them.

If girls stopped worrying so much for "Mr. Right" he would be more likely to come along and a lot of furrows and grey hairs would be saved.

CONTINUED.

### WIDOW'S REPLY TO "DESPAIR."

I was a happy wife for twenty-three years, and then at forty I lost my husband the only happiness left me was in living for my children.

Three times have I had a chance of re-marrying, but for seven years I have lived only in my grown-up children.

"Despair" must have forgotten the two bears necessary for the happiness of every home.

Surrey. BEAR AND FOLDBEAR.

### LANDLADY OR WIFE.

I am only in lodgings and far from satisfied with my state of life, but I would sooner put up with my present existence than get married to the modern girl. She knows even less about looking after a man than the average landlady.

The woman who accepts a man in marriage before she is competent to manage a home should be tried at law as an impostor. XXII.

### THEIR OWN FAULT.

If a man can not get introductions it is his own fault, and he must be a poor-spirited thing.

There are any number of clubs and societies which the unmarried man in search of a wife can join. There he will meet men who have home ties and circles of friends, and if the "lonely bachelor" is a good fellow they will quiply see that he has introductions.

For women the difficulty certainly is greater. A NOT-CHASTITY SPINSTER OF THIRTY-FOUR.

## COMING OF THE MOTOR-OMNIBUS.

Two Hundred Expected To Be Running in London Next June.

The subscription lists of the new London Motor Omnibus Company have now been closed, and it is understood that the preparations for putting the new vehicles upon the streets will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

The London Road Car Company's order and Messrs. Tilling's new mechanical omnibuses are also in hand, and even in six months' time the appearance of the streets seems likely to be changed a great deal.

In a short time it will seem incredible that in 1903 only thirteen mechanically-propelled omnibuses were licensed.

The Road Car Company alone expect to get rid of 700 out of their 5,500 horses during the next six months.

The marked advantages of the motor are clearly exhibited in the following table of comparative speed and capacity:—

	Horse Omnibuses.	Electric Motor Omnibuses.
Number now in use	2500	340 or 600 about 30
Probable No. in June next	2500	600 or more
Average speed in miles per hour	6	18
Maximum speed	8	15
Passenger carrying capacity per vehicle	26, 30, 40, or 60	32
Number of miles travelled in the day	70 or 80	50 or 90

This table shows that the electric tramcar travels faster than the motor omnibus, but it cannot dodge the traffic, so it takes longer over a journey.

### ONLY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Japan's position now makes many people forget that it is not many years since she was looked upon as a mere barbaric nation—not to be taken seriously at all.

A Mrs. Pryor, who has just published her Reminiscences (Macmillan) can recount the arrival in the United States Senate a member moved that the House should adjourn to welcome them.

"Immediately another Senator was on his feet, not to second the motion, but to say sharply: 'Mr. President, I humbly trust the Senate of the United States of America will not adjourn for every show that comes along.' That settled it. The Senate did not adjourn."

### BEGIN OUR NEW SERIAL TO-DAY.

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

Authors of "Chance, the Juggler," "A Widow by Choice," and "Scarlet Lies."

"It is not so hard to sow as to reap."—GOSSETT.

### SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Vanna Tempest could not live without the luxury, gaudy, and noisy which had been hers in the days before the financial smash which drove her husband to live in a country cottage on the remnants of their fortune. Dick Tempest had speculated and failed, but he was resigned; the woman chafed in the drudgery, and her nature was spoiling.

In despair, Dick Tempest, the amiable and best of souls, resolved to risk the remnant of his fortune in one more speculation under the guidance of his friend, Anthony Heron. Luck was with him this time. In a few days he netted the sum of £2500. With characteristic generosity he put the cheque into Vanna's hands, saying, "Go to London and have a good time. Look up your women friends, and I will write to Heron and ask him to look after you. Tony Heron is just the man to give you a real good time. You have never met him, but I know you'll like him, and I shall be quite certain you'll enjoy yourself if I ask him to look after you."

She went, and lived in a world of gaiety—at first. Then the society of Tony Heron was enough. In short, by a terrible irony, her husband's unselfish sacrifice had thrown her into the arms of another man. She loved Tony Heron—and she must go back home. The return was to her a tragedy.

Her husband, all unsuspecting, was delighted at the change in her; but Vanna was a stranger in her own home. In vain she struggled against the temptation, but soon she was meeting her lover by stealth for an hour or two at a time, drifting into danger. Suddenly, by the merest chance, Dick Tempest learns the truth from a dropped letter, but hides his knowledge from her.

### CHAPTER IX.

Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were—Heron.

Vanna looked pale and tired when she stepped out of the train. There was an inward, self-

## WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING TO-DAY.

### Civilisation in Servia.

It would seem as if in some ways the Servians were more civilised than the English; at least they object to the disgusting sight of half-naked women at public functions.—"Rational Dress Gazette."

### An Expensive Ailment.

It is estimated that consumption causes an annual loss in the city of New York of no less than £4,000,000. It is probable that in London the annual loss is not less than six millions.—"The Health Review."

### The Influence of Furniture.

Amongst the most potent factors for good or evil in our lives are the externals, the objects which are a ways about us, influencing us insensibly but inevitably by their beauty or their ugliness.—Madame Sarah Grand, in "The House Beautiful."

### Then and Now.

The conductors of the first English omnibuses were amateurs—sons of naval officers—and their urbanity and charm of manner were such that young ladies traveled in the vehicles solely for the purpose of enjoying their society.—"St. James's Gazette."

### Hungry War.

It is only in the midst of war that one realises the incredible insufficiency of the most elementary preparations. What seems at first an enormous supply of beds and linen is sometimes used up in a couple of hours.—The Queen of Roumania in "La Revue."

### Omnivorous Man.

The fact is that half the food-problems would vanish away if only the faddists would appreciate the fact that man can eat practically anything. That which really settles the food of a people is climate. Men eat what lies nearest and most on hand.—Dr. Andrew Wilson in the "Illustrated London News."

### City Wanderers.

Walking through the streets of a great city, one is always struck by the number of aimless wanderers met. From morning to night these human misfits meander along, some of them asking aims, others too devoid of the final dregs of ambition to even go that, and still others waiting a favourable opportunity to obtain "aims" without asking them.—"North American" (Philadelphia).

absorbed look in her eyes, the look of a woman who lives in another world to that in which her body daily moves. Her mouth had some anxious lines at the corners. They did not disfigure her, as the lines of the old days had done, because they did not indicate an empty, peevish discontent, but acute suffering.

Anthony Heron thought she had never looked more beautiful, but he was concerned, for he had never seen her anything but radiant and lost in a happy dream.

"Dear, this is delightful," he said tenderly, as he took her hands.

"I had to come, Tony," she said, with a constrained vehemence. "I had to come."

She did not speak again until they were in the cab.

"Where did you tell the man to drive to?" she asked.

"The Savoy," he answered.

"Oh, Tony, I can't afford the Savoy."

"Nonsense, of course, you can afford the Savoy."

"Besides," she faltered, "I am known there."

"So much the better. I am going to take you to dine at a nice little Italian restaurant, and we will have a quiet evening together, and you shall tell me all the troubles—for there are troubles, aren't there?"

"I don't know whether they are troubles," she said, with a fierce kind of pathos. "I only know—I—I couldn't stand it any longer. I told Dick a lie about a dressmaker. He gave me the money, without a word."

Heron pressed her hand in silence.

It was long past seven by the time she had engaged rooms—He-on insisted on the old rooms—and she made no change in her toilet before they went out to dinner.

The little restaurant in Soho was crowded and stiflingly hot. The bustling proprietor found them a table right at an end of the long room.

Vanna could not eat. The food was most excellent, but the profusion sickened her. It was a

(Continued on page 11.)



## "MY POOR EMILE!"

French President's Mother, Who  
Pitied Her Famous Son.

## FRANCE IN MOURNING.

Business of State Suspended Till After  
M. Loubet Has Buried Her.

All France mourns the simple, kindly old woman of ninety-five whose death has deprived the President of the Republic of a good and loving mother.

Though she never liked the idea of her son being elected head of the Republic, Mme. Loubet had to accept the position of "Mother of the Republic," for that was the title conferred on her directly he became its President.

Mme. Loubet was a "farmer-ess" but at the same time the greatest landowner in the neighbourhood of Montélimar. She was born in the old farmhouse, and she registered a vow—which she kept—that she would die there.

"I am alone," she said pathetically, "but that is a reason why my sons should often come to see me. I am fond of my poultry, my almond trees, my vines, my garden. I have taken root at Marsanne, and it would not do to uproot me." She never was uprooted.

### ENTERTAINED ENGLISH VISITORS.

She was a wonderfully lovable old lady. That is why all France mourns with her distinguished son to-day.

Almost to the end she felt that for her son to be head of the Republic was a fearful thing. "Oh, my poor Emile!" she would exclaim. She was proud of her "poor Emile" all the same.

Not long ago some English visitors stopped at Marsanne in order to see the venerable lady. Mme. Loubet promptly sent for a bottle of Madeira, filled all their glasses, and, raising her own, cried, "To Emile's health."

Her daughter-in-law, the wife of the President, also hails from Montélimar, and is of lowly extraction. Her father was a local ironmonger. It was the old Mme. Loubet's joy to entertain her son and his wife and to minister to his taste for garlic, which he does not dare to eat in Paris!

Sir Francis Bertie, Great Britain's new Ambassador to France, was to have presented his letters of credit at the Elysée yesterday. This function has, of course, been postponed, in view of President Loubet's departure to attend the funeral at Marsanne. Even the Cabinet crisis has to wait until the last sad ceremony is over.



DEATH OF MME. LOUBET.

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

place to come when one was hungry. "She saw that all the other people seemed to be enjoying their dinner immensely, and talking earnestly, incessantly, apparently about the great questions of the day, not the rapid chatter of the smarter restaurants.

Suddenly it occurred to her that she understood why Tony had brought her here. Because he did not want to be seen. Before, he had dined her everywhere—the Carlton, Savoy, Claridge's, Prince's. But now it was different. Then she had been a visitor staying in a London hotel, to whom he paid the little attentions and courtesies that are the privilege of her sex. Now she was a creature who could not live without him, who had sunk up on the sly to town, just to be with him for a few hours, to see his face, to hang on his words. She had given all her life into his hands, to make or to mar.

And then suddenly the room spun round her, the noise of the voices and the chatter of knives and forks became deafening. Her husband burst in, and then she grew sick and cold. The dinner was only half over, but she rose abruptly to her feet.

"I can't stand it any more," she murmured. "The cold night air on her face revived her. She jumped into the cab without Heron's assistance.

"Beastly hole," he said apologetically, as they drove off. "The truth is, dear, I was objecting not for anything would she have him know that she had felt that awful pang of the woman who can no longer walk erect in the open, that for one moment she had hated and despised herself.

"When they reached the Savoy he installed her in her favourite big armchair in front of the fire that had been lighted in the sitting-room.

He made her order coffee and liqueurs and some chicken sandwiches, because she had eaten absolutely no dinner.

He made her eat sandwiches and sip crème de menthe; he waited on her hand and foot; he kissed her pale face and her restless, nervous hands. But he could not bring the old light to her eyes. She remained pale, weary; even her beautiful, dark auburn hair seemed less burnished, less alive.

She did not blame him for one moment; but the Soho restaurant had suddenly put everything in another light. The stolen joy of their meetings tasted bitter instead of sweet. The secrecy, that had delighted her, now sickened her. With a woman love is innocent as long as she feels good. For the first time to-night Vanna felt guilty. She would have sent him away that moment if she had been strong enough; but she could not.

"And now for the troubles," said Heron, when the last sandwich had disappeared. He drew up a chair near to her.

"It's everything, Tony. But first tell me you are not angry with me for coming?"

"Of course not," he said, with his beautiful smile. "You couldn't help it, could you?" he added softly.

She seized his hand and kissed it passionately. "No—no—no," Tony, you are never out of my thoughts, not for one single moment. And sometimes the longing to see you, to be with you, gets too awful to be borne. It did this time—so I came. It is such ages since I've seen you."

It was over a week. He had not seen her since that day when they had motored and she had seen them together. One thing and another had prevented him from getting away for a whole afternoon.

"Well, now we're together," he said, and patted her hand reassuringly. He saw that she was terribly overstrung.

"But I must go back, Tony. And then it will begin all over again."

"My dear," he said, quietly and tenderly, as one might talk to a child, "Fate has been very cruel to us."

She pressed her lips to his hand again, and then laid her cheek on it, and they sat for a while in silence, gazing into the flickering flames.

Then Vanna sat upright. "My life at home is intolerable," she said. Her voice was pitiful, she was like some frightened child that has lost its way in the dark.

"So lonely, dear?" he asked.

"Yes, and I don't seem to belong there, I seem to be a stranger; I can never think of anything but you. And Dick—"

"Your husband? Yes?"

"He has changed."

Anthony Heron looked at her sharply. "How? In what way?"

"I can't quite explain. But he has. Oh, I know what you're thinking," she added, fearfully. "That he suspects something. I've thought that, too, but he doesn't. It's madness to think it. How could he? Besides, he doesn't behave like that. It's not that sort of change."

"Are you sure?" asked the man. His voice

was doubtful and very anxious. The possibility of the divorce-court overwhelmed him with horror, chiefly, let it be said in justice to him, on Vanna's account.

"Quite sure. It is in himself. Oh, Tony, I can't explain. Dick is not himself—that's all. He just writes and writes all day and half the night. He was talking about taking us to Paris for Christmas; he was so keen about it—and now he never says anything. And sometimes I catch him watching me with such a strange expression—a sort of patient sadness. It may mean nothing, but it maddens me."

"How long has he been like this?" asked Anthony Heron.

"Oh, two or three weeks. I can remember the time when I noticed the change exactly." And she named a date, the date of the day when she had come back from a motor ride with him, and found Dick, a spectral figure, pacing up and down the little front lawn of Rosemary Cottage in the wintry twilight, the day, in fact, on which her husband had found among his papers the letter that Anthony Heron had written to her just before he started for Berlin.

"But what made you think that he suspected anything?" asked Tony anxiously.

"Oh, little things. He was rather in a state about my walks—those long walks that I have to tell him I take. He thought I ought not to be out so late in the winter, and things like that; and when I have told him I am going, he has looked at me so strangely. At least, I don't know. I am all imagination, all nerves, all fears. It may be nothing. If he suspected anything, he would have spoken, wouldn't he, Tony? He would have said something, wouldn't he?"

"Of course, dear, of course," said the man soothingly.

"He is the dearest and best of men," she went on feverishly. "Oh, if only I weren't deceiving him! If only I could help it!"

"I tell you, Fate has been very cruel to us, my Vanna!"

"Dick's like a dead man," she cried, with a sudden shrillness. "That's it; I've been trying to think all the time. It's like living with a corpse."

Anthony Heron smoothed her hair. He rose to his feet and lifted her from her chair. He saw that she was overwrought, that any further discussion would only increase her excitement. She wanted rest and sleep.

"I'm going now, dear," he said. "You're to go to bed and rest, and get up early in the morning, and I shall come round at ten with the car, and we'll have a long, glorious day in the country. Good-night, my Vanna!"

(Continued on page 13.)

## ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION,

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CONSUMPTION AND BLOOD-SPITTING  
PRONOUNCED  
CURED BY  
TWO PHYSICIANS.

I was advised to go to the sea, and I went to the sea, and to-day I never felt better and stronger in my life. I have not had the slightest bleeding from the lungs since I commenced the treatment. Two physicians have recently examined my lungs, and have failed to find the least trace of disease. You may make what use you like of this statement for the sake of others who suffer in a similar way.

Kidderminster. (Signed) E. FOSTER.  
Witness to the Signature. I have pleasure in stating that I can testify to the accuracy of the above statement. (A.P. SCRAPP, J.P. for SEISEN.)

"I am 73 years old, and for over 37 years I suffered from Bronchitis, with wheezing, rattling in the chest, and heavy breathing. I got so weak from constant coughing that if I went out walking or working I was obliged to stop every few minutes for an hour. I was afraid to do any housework, and I was often obliged to stop in the middle of a sentence. I should never be cured. I was sometimes in bed for three months at a time, but could seldom get up. I was told that if I did I would have to fight for breath. Then I tried your treatment, and persevered in it, and now I am completely cured. Despite my age, I can still do my domestic work."

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More than four years later Mrs. Inkpin said, "I have never had the cough since."  
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— DR. —

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The Best Cure for INDIGESTION,  
WIND, NERVOUS DEPRESSION,  
GIDDINESS and LOSS of APPETITE

The Safest Family Medicine



# HOW TO LESSEN THE WEEKLY BILLS AT HOME.

## HOUSEHOLD ECONOMIES.

### A LEAKAGE IN EXPENDITURE.

A very common leakage in household expenditure, and one that may easily be stopped, is in connection with the use of soap. Ignorant or thoughtless servants are very fond of using large lumps, half a bar or more, for their scrubbing, to save the trouble of cutting the bar, with the result that by constantly dipping the bar in and out of the water the whole mass becomes soft and melts away.

As soap is one of the household necessities that improves with age, a good supply should be kept on hand. Once the bars have been bought they should be immediately cut into neat squares and put away in a dry place to harden until required.

All the odds and ends of soap should be collected and converted into soap-jelly, two varieties of which are invaluable for constant use.

### A SOAP-JELLY RECIPE.

A good jelly to be used for washing silver and china is easily made of two ounces of soap, one pint of hot water, and one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Dissolve the borax in the hot water. Shred the soap into a jar or tin, pour the hot water over the soap, and set the tin in a saucepan of hot water on the stove to thoroughly dissolve, stirring it occasionally. When it is all well blended remove it and allow it to get cold. Put a spoonful of the jelly in the washing-up basin, and pour over it the hot water, stirring it briskly until it lathers. It is best to provide two basins with hot suds, as the articles should not be rinsed in clear water, as this removes the polish given by the borax in the jelly.

Silver treated thus, and afterwards dried with a soft cloth and polished with a camellia leather will not require cleaning with plate powder more than once in a fortnight, or even less frequently. Should the china show signs of tea or coffee stains a rub with a piece of common salt will prove beneficial. This soap jelly is excellent also for use in washing flannel or woollen goods.

For cleaning white paint, the kitchen boards, and so forth, the following jelly is recommended:—Take two ounces of shredded soap, one pint of hot water, one dessertspoonful of whitening. Proceed as with the first recipe, only substituting the whitening for the borax. When using it make a very thick lather with hot water, and wash the

point with a flannel, using a nail-brush for the fluted parts of the wood. The scrubbing brush, beloved of housemaids, is ruinous to paint.

### FOR CLEANING OILCLOTH OR VARNISHED PAINT.

Here is a third recipe, useful for the cleansing of oilcloth or varnished paint. Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. soap and a pint of cold water. Shred the soap into the water and boil it together until dissolved. Melt 2oz. of glue in a pint of water, add it to the soapsuds, and



At the top of this picture will be seen a new idea in millinery made of velvet and lace, then a white felt hat plumed with white, and thirdly a model formed of green velvet leaves and gauged satin.

stir all together until they are thoroughly blended. Let the mixture stand until it is quite cold and apply it with a flannel or soft brush and warm water.

Linoleum which is well polished once a week or fortnight, and wiped daily with a rag slightly moistened with paraffin, and afterwards well rubbed, will last much longer than if constantly washed, and the polish will be preserved. Should it become very dirty it should be washed in clear water or milk and water, not with soap, and polished with linoleum cream as soon as dry.

### LINOLEUM CREAM (good also for furniture.)

Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of pure beeswax,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint turpentine, a piece of yellow soap about two inches each way, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of water. Shred the wax into a good-sized jar, pour the turpentine over, and let it stand for one day. Cut the soap up and boil it with the water, then mix all the ingredients together and leave it until it is nearly cold. Should this cream become too stiff with keeping add a little more turpentine and re-melt it by standing it in a pan of warm water.

### WHEN TO WEAR DIAMONDS.

#### THE QUEEN OF SPLENDID STONES.

There is something singularly fascinating about a diamond. Its perfect clarity, the number of colours that lurk in it, its look of purity, and its sharp, fine cutting all tend to make it the most beautiful of stones.

Diamonds should not be worn in the morning. They should not be worn in profusion with any walking toilette, although a small brooch, a pair of solitaire earrings, and a ring, which is concealed by the glove, are permissible.

They should never be seen on children. They should not be worn by people who are in the deepest mourning.

They should not be worn unless the gown is in harmony with them, for a shabby-looking dress



Design for a shirt, to be made of a remnant of flannel or delaine.

and a profusion of diamonds is a very bad combination.

They should not be worn at all, unless they are properly set, and unless they suit both the wearer and the occasion.

### MAXIMS FOR WAITRESSES.

Have everything necessary at hand.

Hand everything on the left side of the guest. Never bang the door or leave it standing open. Remove at once everything that is finished with. Carry all articles to and from the table on a tray.

Wear silent shoes and practise quick but gentle movements.

Try to anticipate the needs of everyone with wine, bread, and so forth.

### PEA SOUP BY THE GALLON

INGREDIENTS.—Four quarts of split peas, sixteen gallons of cold water, six pounds of bones, four pounds of onions, two pounds of carrot, two pounds of turnips, salt and pepper.

Soak the peas overnight. Then put them into the pot or boiler with the vegetables cut in small pieces, and the bones chopped. Boil all gently all the vegetables are soft—they will probably take from three to four hours. Season the soup nicely, take out the bones, and it is ready.

If more convenient the bones can be left out, as the peas themselves are most nutritious. This

recipe makes sixteen gallons of good soup, which would greatly be appreciated by the poor this bitterly cold weather.

## ASTHMA

The Vixol Treatment is an epoch-making discovery of an Asthmatic, who has suffered for many years. It consists in the application of the remedy direct on the seat of the disease, viz., the mucous membrane of the air passages. It is recommended and prescribed by physicians of long standing and aggravated by habitual smoke inhalation (asthma powder) also Hay-fever, Chronic Bronchitis, etc., are curable. Three weeks

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DEFIANCE LOCKSTITCH

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## A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

"Good-night," she murmured, crushing her face against his breast. "Good-night."

When she was alone she still felt his kiss on her lips, the kiss that comes once into all women's lives, the kiss that is flame, where all others are but the cold touch of a shadow's lips. She went to bed and dreamed of him.

The next morning was glorious. When the car came round Tony bundled her into a fur coat that he had brought. It was made of pony skin, and made her look enormous, and they laughed like children as she took her seat beside him.

The morning's run was magnificent. The roads were hard and smooth, the sun shone brightly, the air was intoxicating in its crisp clearness. They did not speak to each other; they hardly ever did in the motor. It was quite sufficient to be sitting side by side, rushing through the air.

They lunched on the top of Hillhead, at a little old inn, with quaint pictures on the walls, of the hall, illustrating the terrible fate of a man who had murdered another on the bleak hill-top.

It was a merry meal. They were as hungry as hunters, they had forgotten everything; left all doubt and care behind them. They were like children, or like fatalists, grasping their hour.

As they came out, and Vanna was taking her place in the motor, another big car dashed up, and a very tall, very fair young man, in a huge fur-coat, leaped out, and, seeing Anthony Heron, came towards him, with a broad grin on his good-humoured face, holding out a cordial hand, from which he had removed the bulky glove.

"Heron!" he cried, in a big, cheery voice. "Jolly glad to see you. What a day! Best run I've ever done on this new car—hour and a half, exactly."

Heron responded to the greeting. He was standing just by his own car. The young man looked hard and unmistakably admiringly at Vanna. His intention was obvious.

"Allow me to introduce a friend of mine," said Heron to Vanna. "The Duke of St. Peter's—Mrs. Tempest."

Vanna turned and smiled, and they chatted amicably for a few moments, and then Heron jumped into the car, waved a farewell, and drove away.

"He's the biggest gossip in London," he said. "There's no harm in him, but he's a perfect fool."

"Oh, Tony," said Vanna miserably. "I know you're angry with me for coming. I shall go back to-night."

"Oh, no, don't do that!"

"Yes, I shall, by that five-something train. I

ought not to have come, Tony; I'm making it difficult for you."

When they reached town again he drove straight to the Savoy. She had plenty of time to pack her bag and drink a cup of tea before he took her to Paddington. He settled her in a first-class carriage, having paid the extra fare, and bought her some newspapers, some illustrated weeklies, and the "Westminster Gazette."

"Good-bye," he said, as the train moved out. "I shall come down very soon—this week. It was lovely having this glimpse of you. Good-bye, my Vanna! I shall write to-night—to the usual address."

"Not good-bye, Tony—an revoir. I shall think of you all the time. Say it was worth it, Tony!"

"Of course, it was worth it."

She could not tear her eyes from his face. She leaned out of the window, waving her hand, until the train was out of sight. Her eyes were those of a woman going into exile.

His heart went with her; there was no doubt about it. A sudden longing seized him to call her back.

"My dear—my dear," he muttered, as he turned away.

He bought a "Westminster Gazette," and opened it idly, as he walked back along the platform. Almost the first thing he saw was a headline:—

"Tragic suicide at Bodlington."

Anthony Heron held his breath, and read:—

"A very tragic occurrence has taken place near the peaceful little village of Bodlington, in Buckinghamshire. Mr. Richard Tempest, who was becoming quite well-known in the literary world as a charming and sympathetic writer on subjects connected with country life, was found dead in his study early this morning, with a bullet-wound in his temple. The deceased gentleman was not known to have any motive for taking his life; but the wound was obviously self-inflicted, and there are no traces of foul play. The inquest will be held to-morrow. Mr. Tempest's wife was away from home at the time of the tragedy. Deep sympathy will be felt with the unfortunate lady whom such a terrible home-coming awaits."

The paper fell from Anthony Heron's hand.

"Good God! This morning! Richard Tempest

had killed himself this morning!"

Vanna had a "Westminster" in the carriage with her. She would read it—perhaps she had read it already.

The train was gone. No power on earth could prevent her from reading that awful news, all alone, with the knowledge in her heart of why she had left her home, and of how unwillingly she had set out to go back!

[To be continued.]

## FUN FOR THE YOUNGSTERS.

## A BALLOON

24in. in circumference will be sent upon receipt of a stamped directed envelope, or half a dozen for Six penny stamps. Address: RIDGE'S ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, N.

## Chilblains.

NATURE'S REMEDY, ICILMA WATER at once relieves the discomfort, and gradually cures. All subject to chilblains should use ICILMA NATURAL WATER SOAP. Invaluable for Chaps, Eczema, or hard-water. 8 and 2d. Stamps for samples Soap and Fluor Cream, perfect for the complexion. ICILMA CO., Ltd. (Dept. B), 142, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.

### Change in Soap

You will change to Fels-Naptha as soon as you find it out.

Makes washday a lot easier than it used to be.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson Street London E.C.







## The Lads and Cup-ties—London Junior Cup Nearing Its Last Stages.

The London Junior Cup competition is at length approaching its final stages, and the hundreds of entrants have been whittled down to under a dozen. Most of the clubs that have survived to the last few weeks have been wonderfully well matched, and in some instances three meetings have been necessary to settle the vexed question of supremacy.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the results in the last round was the pronounced success of Page Green Old Boys over Edmonton. Edmonton have always distinguished themselves in the North London League, a competition of more than average strength, so that when they were knocked out by 5-1 more people than themselves were surprised.

Newmarket Baptists seem to have been playing nothing but Cup-ties for weeks, but Tottenham Argyle were too much for them. Hyde and Kingsbury is another team that has had a surfeit of ties, but after one drawn game with Ealing St John's, they entertained them to a 3-0 victory, and led no difficulty in administering to the Saints their ouster.

The competition has now reached a most interesting stage, and all the clubs left in are worthy representatives of London Junior football.

### Local Talent.

Harold Halse, the Wanstead captain, and late of the Neaportians, has become quite famous this season, the fact of his having signed a form for Tottenham Hotspur having actually been extensively circulated. Halse as a schoolboy was one of the best players in London, but "there were others," and I am firmly convinced that if he had been paying in Tottenham he would not so easily have earned the appreciation of the "powers that be."

The Tottenham directors are excellent gentlemen, and I have had more than once practical illustration of their desire to promote the true interests of the sport. They certainly do not confine their energies to the mere training of a professional team. But they cannot find any good in the players of their district.

Now young Halse is a smart player, but I will guarantee to find the Tottenham Hotspur Club several local players every bit as clever and certainly heavier. When Harold Halse played in the London Schools' team there were one or two Tottenhamians also included. Where are they now?

### North Middlesex's Mission.

That "hardy annual," the formation of a premier section of the North Middlesex League, has again made its appearance, and from an inspired source we learn that it is likely to be realized by next season. As we have heard similar confident assertions previously, one must be excused from actual belief till the realisation has materialized.

The North Middlesex officials have always gazed enviously upon the premier division of the Southern Suburban League, and it has been to them the "sinner in the snub" of their own league's organisation that they have never been able to emulate their friends across the water.

But I have my doubts as to whether they will ever get the strong amateur clubs of London to place the yoke of league rules, regulations, and restrictions upon their shoulders.

If they do, the number of clubs in the combination must, in accordance with the F.A. decree, remain at thirty-six, so that the incoming seniors will outnumber the juniors. Surely the North Middlesex ambition should be to add and improve the junior clubs, rather than to gather the stronger teams into their fold after a somewhat lengthy period of supplication.

DOMINIE.

### NOTTS FOREST'S GOALKEEPER.

J. H. Linacre, who has been playing such brilliant games in goal for Nottingham Forest, is only twenty-three years of age. Scholam has a goalkeeper performed with more skill than Linacre did in the Aston Villa match on Saturday, and one of the Villa directors pronounced him to be the first goalkeeper in the First Division.

Linacre was born at Aston-on-Trent, and educated at Loughborough Grammar School, where at the age of fourteen he greatly distinguished himself as a goalkeeper for the school team.

He has played for the Forest for five seasons, and previously played for Derby County as an amateur. H. stands 6 ft., and has a wonderful record for saving penalties. He saved Forest the game on Saturday.

### OXONIAN FOR NOTTINGHAM.

Mr. J. V. Nesbitt, the Oxford University outside right, returns to Oxford this week, after the vacation from Nottingham, where he has been playing some excellent games for the Notts Rugby Club.

His father resides at Sutton-on-Ashfield, near Nottingham, and it is expected that after this year Mr. Nesbitt's services will be entirely at the disposal of the Notts Rugby fifteen, who are playing some remarkably good games under the captaincy of Mr. V. H. Cartwright, who was playing for England against Wales on Saturday. So far the "pack" have only lost three games this season.

### "TONY TODD" BREAKS WORLD'S RECORD

"Tony Todd" has, after walking day and night for seven weeks, succeeded in making a world's record at Old Bedford, Notts, by walking 2,000 miles in 1,000 hours. He completed his task on Sunday night, when he walked his last two miles in 16 min.

His feet has cost him his weight, for prior to starting he was 8 st., and yesterday he only turned the scale at 7 st. 3 lb. Every hour-day and night—"Todd" turned out and walked two miles, and rested the remainder. He is only twenty-three years of age, and was born at Aspley Bridge, near Bolton.

This is "Todd's" third attempt to walk 2,000 miles in 1,000 hours. He had previously made attempts at Dronfield, near Sheffield, and Pledlington, near Manchester, and he also walked a few miles at Ilkerton prior to coming to Old Bedford.

"Todd's" real name is Hugh Sloan, and he is a miner. During the last three weeks Todd has been suffering from neuralgia, and the sinews in his knees have also caused him trouble. The track round which he walked was eight laps to the mile.

Reports have been circulated that two Nottingham football clubs, Notts Forest and Notts County, were amalgamated at the end of the present season. "Evening News," however, on the authority of Mr. Hallam, secretary to the Notts Forest club, is able to state that the rumour is absolutely without the slightest foundation.



THE POPULAR  
**SCOTCH**  
IS  
**"BLACK & WHITE"**  
WHISKY.



TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

## THE Berkeley Easy Chair.

A Really COMFORTABLE & DURABLE CHAIR at an EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICE.



Dimensions:—Width of Seat, 27 ins.; Depth of Seat, 20 ins. Height of back from Seat, 29 ins.

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REAL COMFORT AND DURABILITY are embodied in this LUXURIOUS CHAIR, spring tufted, upholstered, and finished throughout in OUR OWN FACTORIES, made up in a choice selection of smart tapstries, suitable for any room, and delivered CARRIAGE PAID to any address within 40 miles of London, on RECEIPT OF 2/6 D.D. TO IT.

If not approved of, return the Chair at our expense, and we will refund your deposit in full. Mention Colour required. No reduction for cash. Orders Executed Strictly in Rotation.

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Manufacturing Upholsterers,  
70, 72, 74, 76, 78, Old Kent Rd. Lon. on S.E.  
and 1, 3, 5, 7, Toward St. (adjoining)

## HEARTS OF OAK BENEFIT SOCIETY.

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**YOUNG MEN!!!**

Don't risk your money in SLATE CLUBS. Join at once the Premier Permanent Benefit Society.

The following benefits are secured to the members of this Society upon a payment of about **Nine Shillings** and **Sixpence** a quarter of 13 weeks:

In sickness ..... per week 20 0 0  
Member's funeral ..... 10 0 0  
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Subsistence for 14 days ..... 5 0 0  
Reduced sick allowance ..... 5 0 0

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If a man is ever bereaved of his wife, Forms of admission can be obtained upon application to C. W. BURNIS, Secretary.

## MOUSTACHE

A beautiful MOUSTACHE grows in a few days when using Dalmat's Pomatum. Tried, approved; recommended to all. Send 6d. in stamps for a box to

Mr. B. M. DALMET, 42, Gray's Inn Rd., London.



Send at once to your Chemist or Stores for a shilling bottle of "Antiacne." The terrible agony of chubias, whether brown or not, can be instantly relieved and cured by this wonderful remedy for all skin troubles. Mr. F. A. BARRON, of advice, once, I remember, was suffering from a terrible skin condition, the agony of which was intense. I applied some "Antiacne," and, feeling instant relief, and one day afterwards the chubias disappeared. My delight is only equalled by my feelings of gratitude. "Antiacne" is supplied by all chemists and stores at 1s. 4d. per bottle, or direct for 1s. 3d. from 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.

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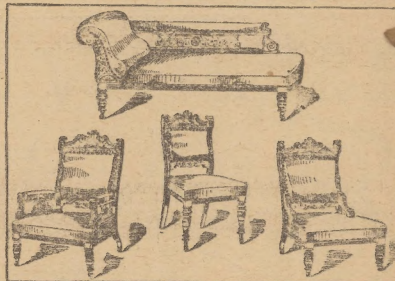
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JUDD STREET IS OPPOSITE ST. PANCRAS STATION.  
Business Hours 9-5. Sat. till 6. Thursday we do NOT close early.  
**FURNISH ON EASY TERMS.**

TERMS.	WORTH.	PER MONTH.
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Any amount pro rata.

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CARPETS  
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LINCS  
LAID  
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Write for 1905 Guide and Catalogue, free on mentioning the "Daily Mirror."

Country Orders carriage paid. Goods packed and delivered free.

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CURE  
HEADACHE, INDIGESTION,  
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**WOOD-MILNE**  
RUBBER HEELS  
Save Ten Times Their Cost.

# £50 "Daily Mail" YEAR BOOK.

FOR READERS OF THE 1905

The Publishers of the "Daily Mail" Year Book, convinced of the great value and interest of that annual, have devised a method to make its contents familiar to a larger public than it has hitherto enjoyed.

**£25 : £15 : £10**

will be awarded for correct answers to the following questions, every answer to which will be found in the "Daily Mail" Year Book for 1905, now on sale at all bookstalls and news-vendors. Price 1s. 6d.

## THE QUESTIONS.

### The Three Cleverest Young Men.

Who have been called by an eminent critic the three cleverest young men in London?

### What Did the Duke Buy?

The Duke of Portland last year paid £70,000 for a new possession. What did he buy with the money?

### Who Is It?

Lord Kitchener said of a public man: "He is the master of us all." Of whom was he speaking?

### Founders of Peerages.

There are now living many members of the House of Lords who are the first holders of their titles, and have thus founded their peerages. Who are they?

### A Great Man's Fear of Death.

A famous man who passed away last year directed that his body should be placed in a coffin with a hole laid easily opened from below. What was his name?

### People Who Will Not Pay.

Hundreds of thousands of people in England last year were summoned for debts which they could afford to pay but would not pay until compelled. What was the exact number?

### A Government Menu.

A menu for a day's meals is issued in an official document quoted in the Year Book. For what kind of consumers is the menu intended?

### A Great Day at Glenferrie.

In a national survey of 1904 the village of Glenferrie, in Ross-shire, was notable for something occurring on June 16. What was its distinction?

### The Ruler of a Million.

An "Ex-Officer of British Navy, and an Englishman, rules over a million subjects; maintains his private navy of half a dozen gunboats." Who is he?

### An Author's Confession.

A living man, whose books are famous, said: "I was apprenticed to a shoemaker; I became a porter; I sold newspapers in the streets; I attempted to commit suicide; I was a labourer in the workshops of a railway." What is his name?

### A Great Railway Company's Where Is It?

An English railway company is building enormous works on an area rescued from the sea? Where are they?

### £ s. d.

What part did the total of £3,131,728 play in 1903?

Send replies, with your name and address clearly written, to, D. M. Y. B., 48, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

Closing date will be announced in the "Daily Mirror" within a few days.

It is distinctly understood that the Editor's decision and awards are final.



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Decide to-day, and you make sure of receiving at once the MINERVA PIANO PLAYER at the low price of **25 GUINEAS CASH**, or by your first payment of **18/- MONTHLY** on the three years' system, and you receive, **QUITE FREE**, Music Rolls to your selection, value 21/-, which all purchasing **NOW** have the right to exchange, from time to time, for a small fee.

On receipt of coupon, with remittance, the list of music is sent you for selection.

The Minerva Piano Player fits any piano, upright or grand; it is easy to pedal, easy to learn, and easy to play; its marvellous sensitiveness has astounded musicians; its simplicity and easiness to learn have delighted those unskilled in music. The musician is one of the finest, containing the music of all nations for all tastes. The Minerva is on show at many well-known music-houses in London, at all Murdoch and Co.'s branches (full lists on application), and you are invited to see, hear, and try it for yourself from 9 to 6 daily (Saturdays, 9 to 1), at our central offices, Farringdon-road (close to Farringdon-street Station).

Date..... "DAILY MIRROR" COUPON. 17-45  
 Reg. No. .... (Office use only)  
 To Messrs. MURDOCH and CO, Farringdon-road, London, E.C.  
 (A) Please deliver to me a "Minerva" Piano Player, carriage paid  
 and enclose payment free (or value 21s.), selected by me, for which I  
 enclose payment value £26 5s. 0d.  
 (B) Please deliver to me the value of a "Minerva" Piano Player and six rolls of  
 music selected by me, the value of 21s., carriage paid, to the address  
 given below. I enclose Postal Order (or Cheque) value 18s., as a first  
 instalment, and agree to pay 18s. per month, for a period of 36  
 months, on completion of which the instrument shall become my  
 property, and until then I engage not to dispose of it by sale or otherwise.  
 Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
 Full Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 Profession \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Strike out paragraph (a) or (b) as required).  
 NOTE—Purchasers on Time Payment may, if desired, complete the

Central Offices: **JOHN G. MURDOCH & CO., Ltd.,** 91 & 93, FARRINGTON ROAD,  
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Printed and Published by THE PICTORIAL NEWSPAPER CO.,  
 LTD., at 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.—Tuesday, January 17,  
 1905.